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# VOGUE

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420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

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COVER: Twiggy shines on in an at-home jumpsuit to make any girl feel adored. Long-sleeved, long-legged silvery-and-lime brocade—over-all shimmer echoed at the throat by clusters of lime crystal beads and silvery sequins; at the waist by a wide jewelled belt of lime-y crystal, buckled in brilliants. All this citric deliciousness by Mimi di N. Jumpsuit about \$125. All at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Horne. Jewellery also at I. Magnin. Coiffure: Ara Gallant, using Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. More Twiggy, more jumpsuit looks, more accessory news—pages 126-135.

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It's wool



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mark of the world's best

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**Dalton** designs a love of a dress in white  
crochet lace knit, swinging skimmer  
fashion from a slender top. It's 100%  
wool with the natural elasticity that  
holds its beautiful shape. \$75.

**The American Way With Wool**





Jewelry by Sant' Angelo

there she is again in a *Dalton* —the world's best

Gayest little late-day dress in season. Dalton's black 100% wool double knit that has the light touch, the right wool touch—American Wool Council calls it the jet-age look. Slender top, skirt with burst of triangular godets, the flamenco way. \$60.

**The American Way With Wool**

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ALL STORES  
**Doop's** N.J.





It's wool



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**Dalton** salutes a black and white year with a diamond plaid dress and jacket — the kind of wilt-resistant wool costume seasoned travellers pack. In 100% wool warp knit with a tiny waffle weave. Hat by Adolfo. Costume, \$110, part of the Dalton collection in American Wool.

**The American Way With Wool**

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there she is again in a *Dalton*—the world's best

Racy jacket-costume by Dalton in 100% wool double knit twill—  
natural wool captures the bold black and white colors here.  
Skirt has stitched tucks, flare-silhouette. \$125. American Wool Council,  
Dept. WJ-3767, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018

**The American Way With Wool**

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'Twenty-eight  
innocent colors.

Fourteen by Toni.  
Fourteen not by Toni.

Once, the only hair color that was  
innocent was the color we had  
as children.

If we tried to change it,  
it didn't look innocent anymore.

It looked changed.

Innocent color takes more  
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When Nature puts color in a  
child's hair, she also takes  
some away.

*Quiets* the color, so it isn't  
brassy or obvious.

Now, after a long study  
of children's hair, Toni has  
developed a hair coloring with  
the same innocence. It has a  
"color-quieter" in it, to soften  
loud tones.

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to shampoo in. Yet it's permanent.  
It won't wash out.

Stop envying the kids.

You can now  
have their  
innocent color  
in 14 shades.

They can still  
have only one.





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...and Hartmann's with it. First in shoes, now

CORFAM\* takes off in luggage to set a new standard for luxury in travel. Du Pont CORFAM is the quality poromeric, the man-made material by Du Pont created for jet-set pace and punishment. Now Hartmann, the quality name in luggage, crafts a unique embroidered floral effect with CORFAM. Rare blooms indeed, with a rich look and a luxurious feel. And Hartmann's collection in CORFAM is made to whisk from weekends to world tours looking as if it never touched ground. Lightweight CORFAM repels water, won't permanently water spot or discolor, washes with soap and water and resists scuffing. Carefree CORFAM is the only ultra way to go. In luggage, exclusive with Hartmann.

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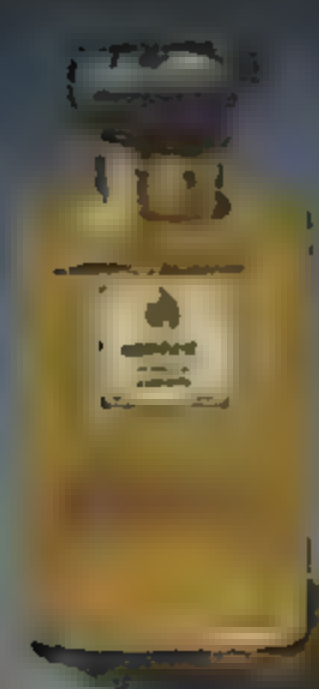
**HARTMANN** luggage carrying this Corfam quality symbol  includes this 26" pullman bag of chocolate Du Pont nylon embroidery on stark white Corfam from the International Series, about \$110. Matching pieces, ranging from tote to garment bag, from \$65. Available at: The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Burdine's, Florida; Higbee's, Cleveland; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans; Foley's, Houston; Joske's of Texas, San Antonio; May-D & F, Denver; Bullock's, Southern California; I. Magnin, all stores. For descriptive brochure, write Dept. D-3, Hartmann Luggage Co., Lebanon, Tenn.



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her anything...  
but give her  
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Extract \$8.50 to \$500



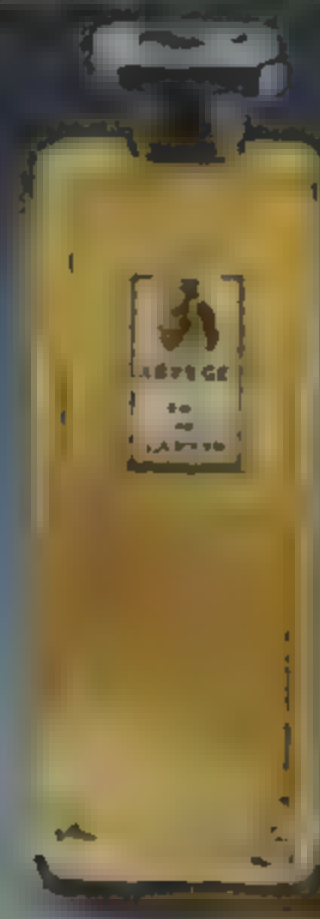
Dusting Powder \$5



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...she'd love to spend  
Christmas in Arpege





**My name is Bertlyn.**



**Are you putting me on?**



I squared off my toes, and shined up my patent sides, and thought up a new dance for you: the flower stand. Sizes 5 to 10½ in orange, white, black, bisque,



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getting you to know the wonderful  
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Onondaga's crepe is a blend of 55% Avisco® acetate/45% Avisco® rayon.

The dress comes in all black, all brown or white with black trim.

Sizes 6 to 16. About \$160.

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*New-people faces, watch faces: fashion faces.*

*This is the this-minute face of Cartier. Here, the girl of the hour and Cartier's own distinctive beauties, oval and square, each 18kt gold with black alligator strap, each \$375. What faces you on the following pages, a coveted cache of watches, to order directly from Cartier if you wish.*

# The Great New Faces at Cartier



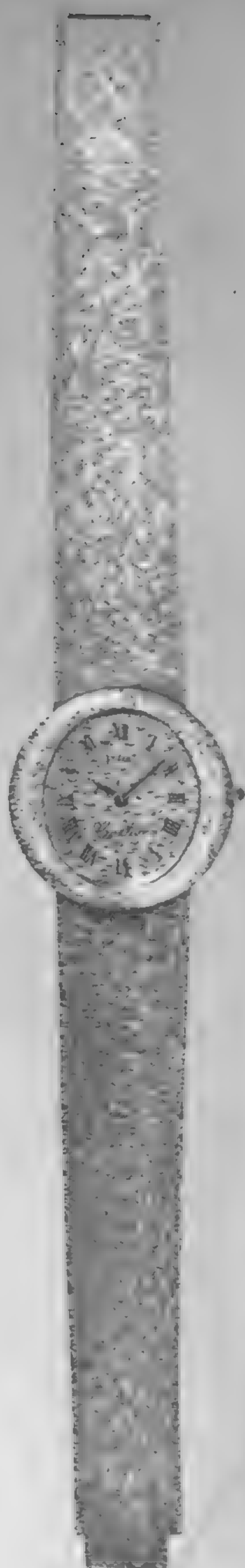


*The internationals congregate at Cartier:  
thin and worldly watch at the top, 18kt gold, alligator strap, \$395. In the center, a diamond circle; intricate textured bracelet, 18kt gold, \$1775.  
Bracelet-watch for all time: 18kt gold with the face of a beauty, subtly textured bracelet, \$800. Each movement, International of Schaffhausen.*

# The Great New Faces at Cartier







The faces of  
importance.

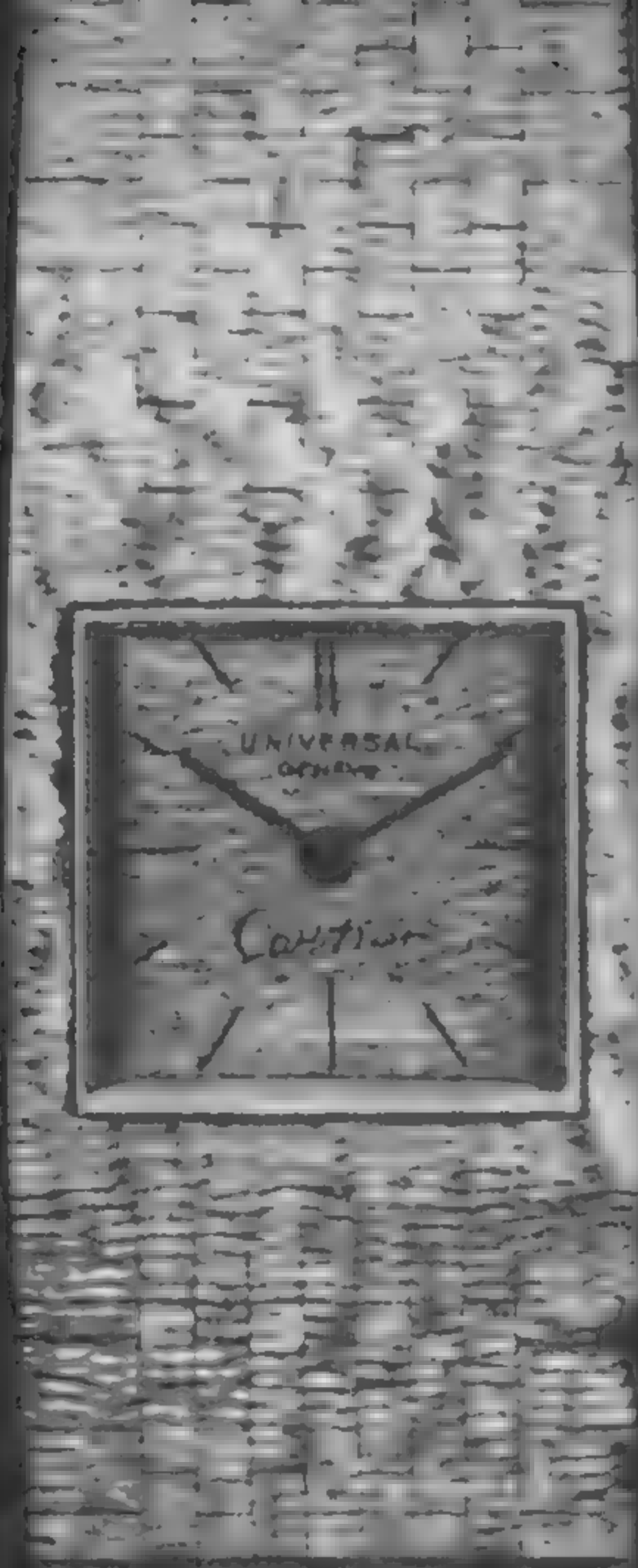
A face of fashion  
encircled by two

rows of diamonds on  
a woven band, \$2370.

Striking oval face of jade  
with wafer-thin automatic  
movement, \$1800. Wood-bark  
finish frames an oval face, \$1960.

Each 18kt Piaget watch is wholly and  
painstakingly handmade in Switzerland.





The non-classic classics, a Cartier fashion story. Strong Roman square-face: lizard strap, 18kt gold, \$185. The great round-face: automatic watch, thin as a shadow, alligator strap, 18kt gold, \$400. Classically beautiful face in 18kt gold on an uninterrupted textured bracelet, \$400. Each movement, a Universal Genève, made in Switzerland.

# The Great New Faces at Cartier



To order watches by mail from Cartier, see page 32

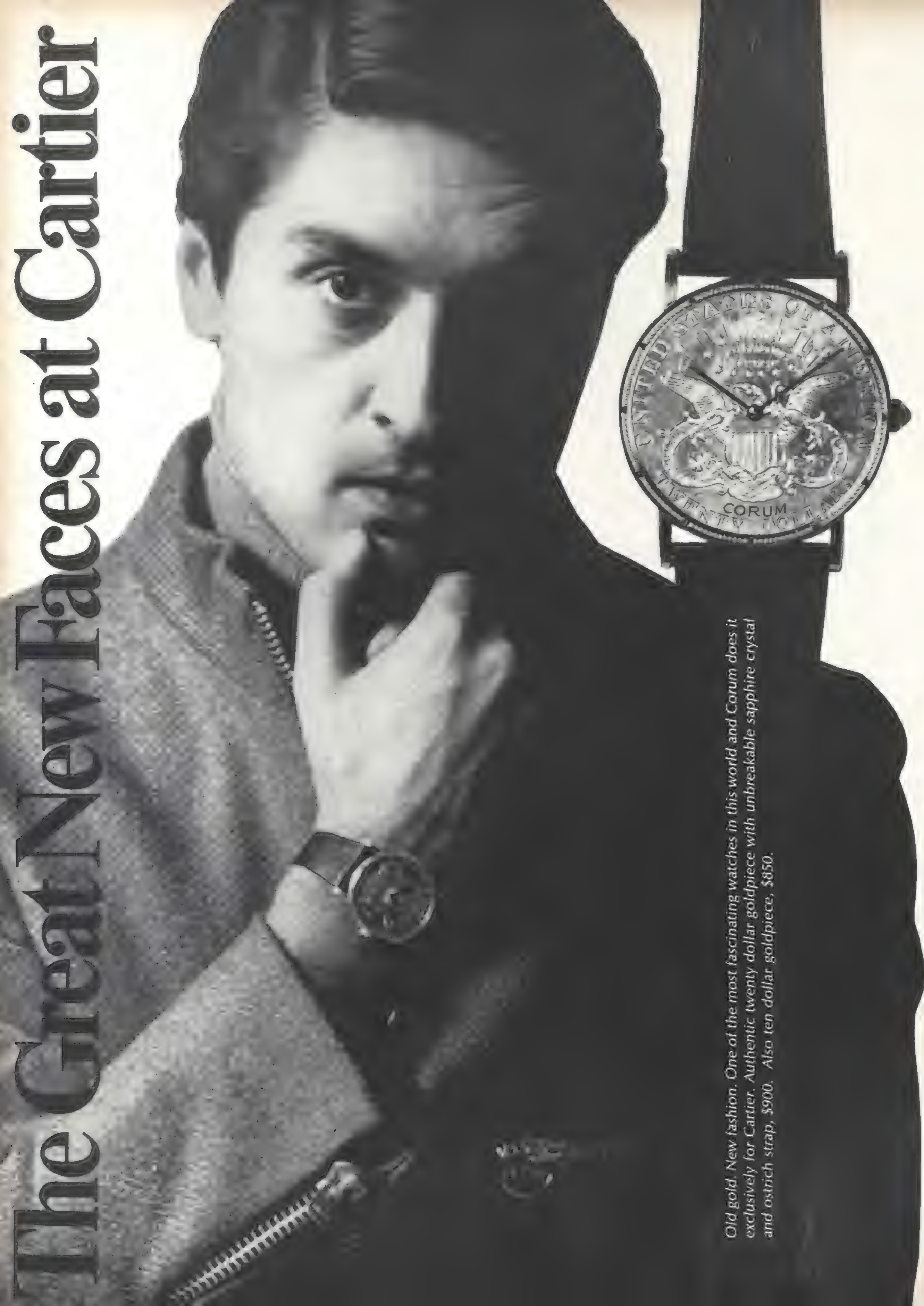




The great stone face at Cartier is a jade-face watch in white gold surrounded by diamond and emerald stones, \$2,530. Face at the top, a diamond oval, \$1,650. Face in the middle, on a herringbone background, \$1,280. All watch bracelets hand-wrought of 18kt gold, all Bueche-Girod movements' thin as thin can be



# The Great New Faces at Cartier



Old gold. New fashion. One of the most fascinating watches in this world and Corum does it exclusively for Cartier. Authentic twenty dollar goldpiece with unbreakable sapphire crystal and ostrich strap, \$900. Also ten dollar goldpiece, \$850.

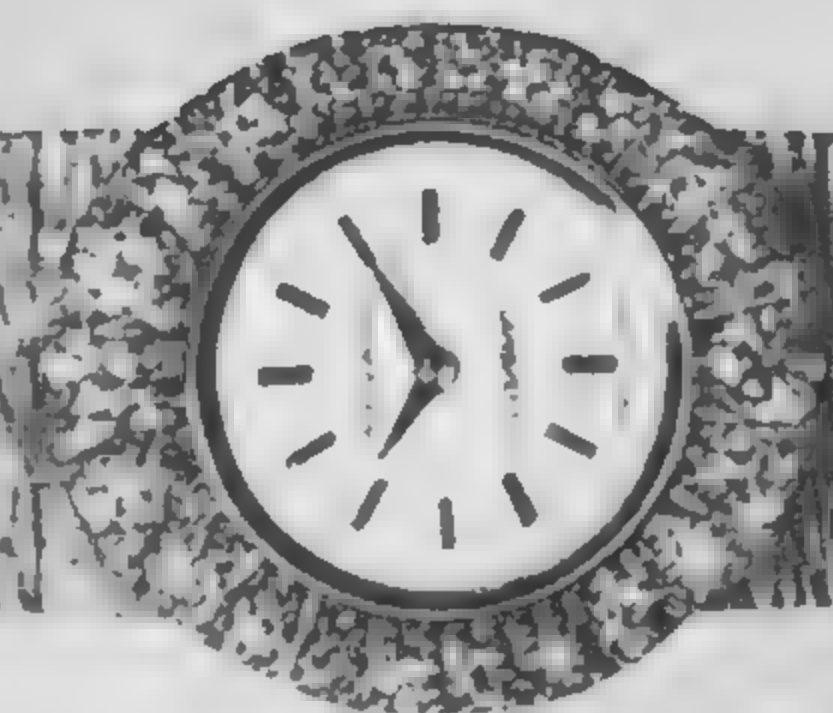


*Super-contemporary: Cartier and the concept of chronometer accuracy scaled to wrist-size. Waterproof, heatproof, coldproof, actually environmentproof—the automatic Rolex in 18kt gold, \$950 . . . At the right, the concept of haute couture on a woman's wrist. 14kt gold case and bracelet, smoked-gold face, \$350.*





# The Great New Faces at Cartier



*The fashion face-saver: covered watch with pavé diamonds, baguette sapphires, handmade textured bracelet, \$1,750. Skinny self-winding calendar watch, water-resistant, \$450. A halo of jewels: diamonds on a handmade wristlet, \$1,500. Each watch in 14kt gold with Movado movement.*



## The Après-Day Nightgown

The day has been fought. What you want now is a warm, fragrant bath to slip into. And a gown like this—to remind you, to reassure you, you are woman.

Formfit Rogers has it for you. And it's one of a whole new group of such tranquilizers.

This one, Number 3169, is short and slightly sheer. Bared at the shoulder and falling free from that point on. Its special intrigue is in the stripes. They move as you do. But diagonally. Kaleidoscopically.

Put on the matching peignoir, Number 5169. And let the night begin.

From a complete collection of Après-Day Nightgowns by Formfit Rogers.



**Formfit Rogers**



# Great New Faces at Cartier

As seen on pages 23-30

Dear Cartier:

Please send me the watches I have circled below in Cartier's beautiful gift boxes.

page 23	square-face \$375	oval face \$375	
page 24	round gold face \$395	diamond circle \$1775	square-face bracelet \$800
page 25	oval jade automatic \$1800	oval on gold bracelet \$1960	two rows of diamonds \$2370
page 26	Roman square-face \$185	thin automatic \$400	square-face on bracelet \$400
page 27	Great stone face \$2530	diamond oval \$1650	oval herringbone \$1280
page 28	twenty dollar goldpiece \$900	ten dollar goldpiece \$850	
page 29	automatic Date-just \$950	haute couture \$350	
page 30	covered watch \$1750	halo of diamonds \$1500	self-winding calendar \$450

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## Cartier

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# VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR

*New?... And how!... And how?*

What was there about the barbershops of old that daily lured men inside for the beard-disposal ritual? Man's-world atmosphere? Maybe yes. More likely, not enough hot water at home. The comforting barber had it all over do-it-yourself. Stopping one's own razor, mixing up a lather, scraping, racing to finish before the water cooled, were just not in the running with the lie-back-and-relax-ness of a process that involved heaps of lather and nice things done for skin and spirit by repeated hot-towel applications. . . . That note of nostalgia sets the stage for one of the most spectacular break-throughs



TAD WAKAMATSU

in shaving since hot water—the result of twenty years of research by the Colton Company. Nine Flags Thermal Shaving Foam aerosols itself 'onto the face creamily, old-time-barberly, with fragrant, frothy heat. No fiddling with heating gadgets. A shake of the aluminum space-capsule flask—pictured above in duplicate (the second capsule is a mirrored reflection)—and there you have it: the luxury of all those hot towels and lather. And how? Chemicals react on each other to produce a stunningly effective 150° F. temperature. Packaging is half the answer in this case. An oxidizer (dilute hydrogen peroxide) is housed in an inner chamber of the capsule, the reductant and the shave cream in the surrounding outer part. Pressure on the aerosol nozzle pushes the elements, in proper proportion, into a mixing area where the contents are whipped into hot foamy shape. Non-scientific types will care only that it makes the razor's going easy, smooths the skin, makes the 8 A.M. world seem less cold, in general puts pogonotomy in pleasant new perspective. . . . At Saks Fifth Avenue.



## The Snow Maiden Gown

*This lovely "Snow Maiden" gown is made of Miraclaire® flannel, a sweet blend of re-fined fibers. In pink and blue. Hand embroidered. Petite, small, medium, large. In short or long length, \$18. This and many, many other lovely Eve Stillman styles in a selection of woven for forever and a day fabrics by Registered can be found at all the stores listed below. For other fine stores near you write to Eve Stillman Lingerie, 102 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016 and we shall tell you where to buy these lovely "Snow Maidens."*

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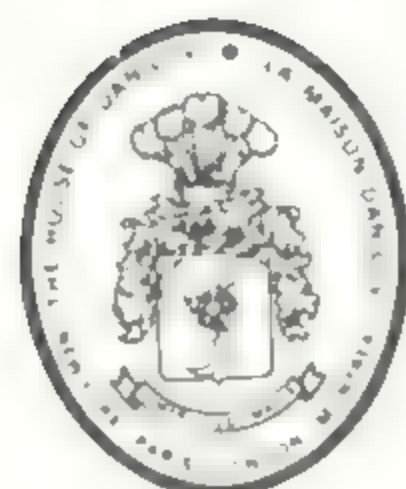
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# NIGHT BLOOMING COTTONS







# NIGHT BLOOMING COTTONS

Cover: KASPER for Joan Leslie shapes a printed, textured cotton into a towering pyramid. A flash of naked arms dramatizes the covered-up look. A costume of great simplicity, but impressive elegance to wear when dinner's at eight at home or abroad.

Left: JEANNE CAMPBELL for Sportwhirl spreads her wings with the butterfly culotte. Certain to soar to empyrean heights in the fashion world. In softest, sheerest cotton voile, enveloping you in a cloud of ever-shifting color.

Right: OSCAR DE LA RENTA floats a romantic blouse of purest white organdy above an ankle length cotton skirt that's unabashably bold, bright, primitive. Wear it to give yourself an unfair advantage over your guests.

Far right: ELINOR SIMMONS for Malcolm Starr brightens the night with this paneled culotte in a polished cotton that gleams like burnished gold. Makes you very much the hostess in charge, whose loveliness will be whispered about from the hors d'oeuvres on.

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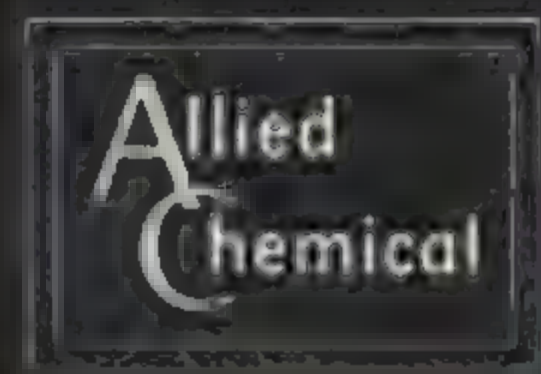






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# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 15

## Help is on the way: Chapter II

Having reported emergency measures for head and toe in Chapter I (Beauty Checkout, November 1), we now turn our anxious gaze to eyes and torso. Specifically in this paragraph to *eyelashes*, skimpy ones that would thrive on some attention more permanent than an application of a regular set of false eyelashes. Miss Jean Kane of the Eye Lash Beauty Studio, 120 West 58th Street, New York City, does indeed furnish the latter. But more to the seasonal point, she'll fix you up with glorious eyelashes that will flicker securely nearly a month, steamy showers and tears of joy notwithstanding. An operative who returned looking deliciously dangerous from Miss Kane's ministrations described the procedure thus. "You lie back semi-supine, keeping your eyes open, looking straight ahead at the wallpaper. After your type of lashes is chosen, they are applied one by one, lash by lash, with a rather remarkable adhesive that Miss Kane developed herself. Since each lash is not affixed to the lid but to one of your own lashes, there is no sensation at all. On and trimmed, they're coated with a semi-permanent mascara. Working time depends on thickness. Mine took the average: twenty-five minutes. A normal job runs \$10, goes higher when unusual thickness or lower lashery is requested. You leave with a small supply of individual lashes, glue, and instructions should any patchwork be required during the three to four weeks, after which false lashes depart quietly in the course of regular cleaning. Then, I suppose, eyes back to Miss Kane."

## A little help over the rough spots

Say the word skin and what flies to mind—womanmind—is, of course, the skin the face wears. The object of the following lesson is to urge more extensive thought. Think about the foot, the leg, the body assaulted constantly by the clothes that clothe it. (Walks there a woman for whom the first wearing of fishnet stockings wasn't rather walking-on-nails?) . . . To know the body's needs in the skin sense, what's essential to understand is a birds-and-bees fact. At the fourth week of your embryonic life, the cells that had decided to be skin-supplying cells began a further division of labour. They departmentalized. Permanently. The same cells that first produced the skin for the back of your hand still do. Ditto the cells that cranked out the fascinating, tough-and-sensitive skin for palm of hand. The point is: the regional differences in your body's skin are startling and unchanging. And because they are, no one cream or lotion can possibly be supercream or superlotion, able to crack the case of foot, torso, and all other specialized skin areas. . . . So you might guess that someone would come along with a batch of body beautifiers addressed to specific areas and recognizing the regional differences. The someone is Marcella Borghese. Her body collection works this way. A foot cream to make the foot less troubled, softer—a cream powerful enough to modify a callus. . . . A foot lotion to pat on every time you change your stockings (the lotion helps to lower the germ population, also lends the foot an invisible casing against abrasion). . . . A leg lotion that conditions and puts down a residual film of protection, with more emolliency because the skin of the leg needs more ("Wear this," the House of Borghese recommends, "prior to attack by stockings"). . . . A foaming body lotion specializes in quick absorbability. . . . A "salon massage oil" directs itself to the torso (Princess Borghese seems to have no use for cocoa butter, that classic torso-supple-er). . . . A night cream for the body is a whole other composition, leaves a tenderizing emollient on the skin overnight. . . . A totally soapless cleansing gel is the Borghese ticket for shower or bath. . . . And the bath oil manages something unique to the best of our knowledge. Because both humectants and emollients are wanted by the body, a two-phased bath oil has been arrived at. . . . If you want to be on target, skin area by skin area, specialization seems to make sense. And since a beautiful skin is a healthy thing for a body to have, you just might call the collection body-health foods.

Lisette  
LINGERIE

Designs by Al Sterling  
shown on opposite page  
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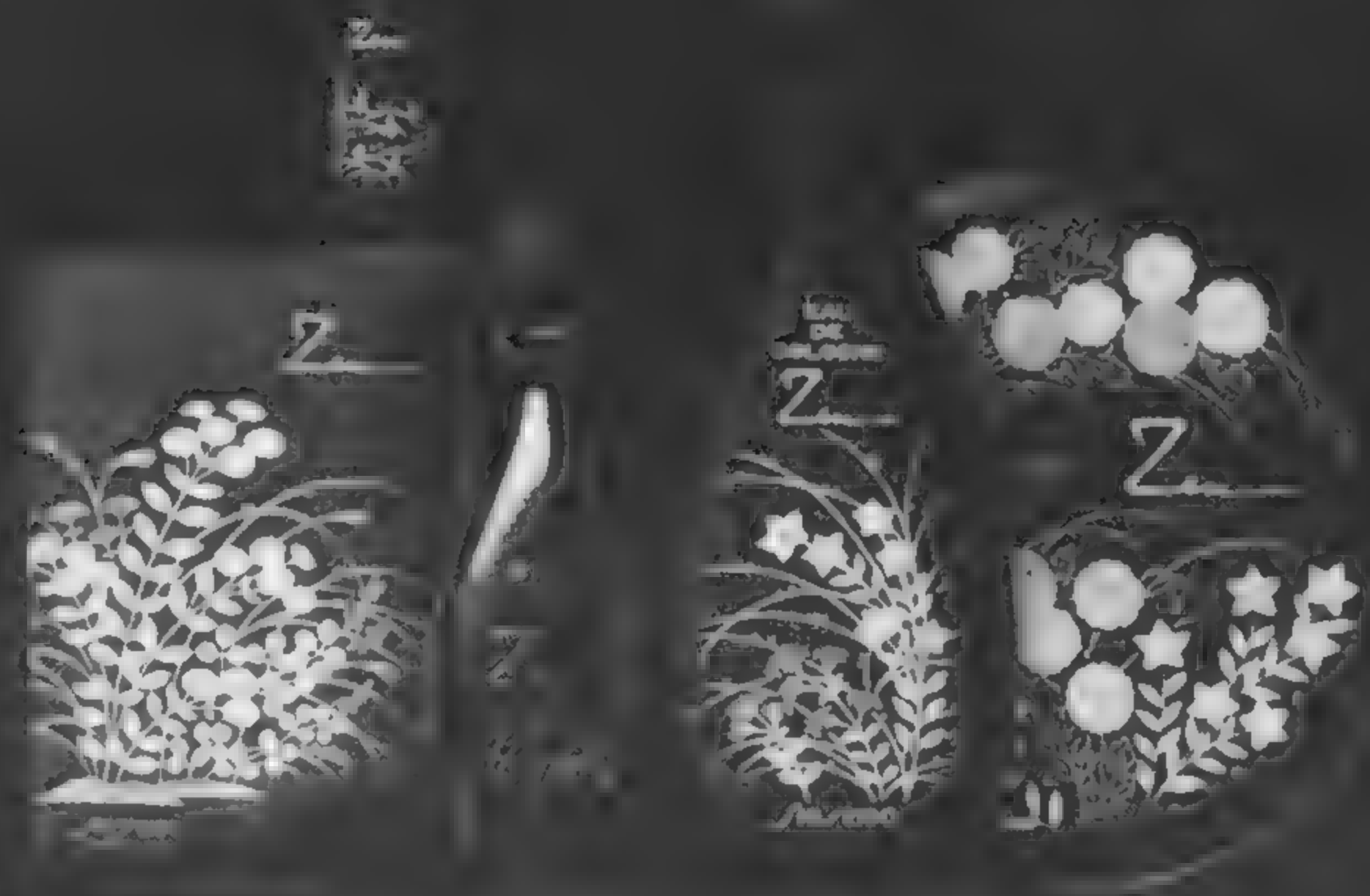
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*(a lot of it if she's daring!)*



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 and everything for her bath  
 3.00 to 17.50***

***EMOTION® by Helena Rubinstein***

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# If you love paisley, prove it.

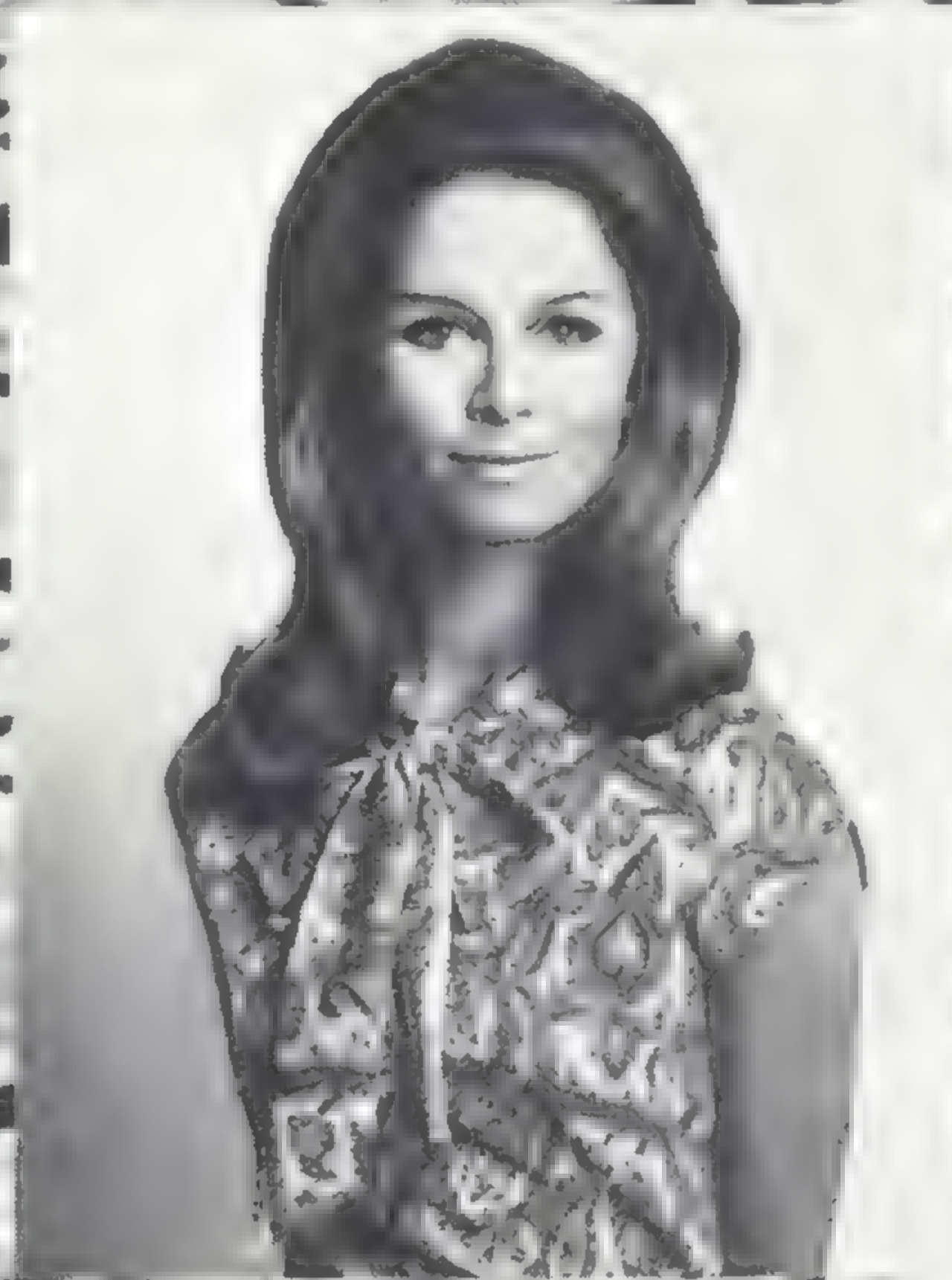
Paisley neckties for your husband. Paisley headscarves for yourself. And once in an all-out burst of affection, a paisley blouse. Why don't you stop skirting the issue of your passion for paisley and cover your whole floor in it? There is nothing tepid about our black-and-white paisley

rug. It is very paisley. And modern. And controversial. People will love it. Or change the subject.

If you want to get the conversation back onto your new paisley rug, you can point out that it's all wool. You can show them the fringe. You can say that

paisley's origins are Persian. And that they can get Lees Paisley for themselves either as a rug, or as a gorgeous broadloom carpet. And then you could do an exotic dance. That would look nice on your new paisley.

**LEES**  
CARPETS







JOEY STERN

*for an audience of One.*

Our French lace coat, exquisitely detailed, veiling a (re-arranged) confection of sheer. Ecru lace with ivory gown; Black lace with pink; or White lace with white. K. L. M. The Set \$75, or the Gown alone, \$20. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**VANITY FAIR**



There is a certain kind of woman whose idea of "soul music" is Wagner.

For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



A stunning coat and matching sleeveless dress that go together like silk 'n satin. (Which is just what this quilted cotton and acrylic weave looks like!) Brilliant jewel buttons; fully lined. Brown or white. 8 to 16, 115.00

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Indianapolis

# CHECKING OUT THE MEN

November 15

*Going about the fragrancings of the wisecracking guys*

He goes from his desk to a discothèque. From golf to the theatre. From campus to a Happening. In between, his devices include soap, after-shave, cologne, and such. So what else is new? Simply this: the dear chaps are getting more selective, more snooty in the sniffer department. They're not settling for just any old bracing splash. Good. Now *they* know. . . . As for gifting these wisecracking gentlemen, it's going to be quite an adventure this year. Starting with Charles Revson's Braggi Continental Kit, a full-grained *cowhide travel case* to have and to pack. Its Continental holdings take in cologne, after-shave, shave lather, deodorant stick, face bronzer, all tingling with Braggi, a schuss fragrance of sun on snow, snow on forest. In chunky containers, some like Bentley, some more like Rolls-Royce. \$30. . . . Next consider a wit, with some very serious, sociological undertones in the line of a sinister wedding of fresh lime and sandalwood. Hai Karate is its name; cologne, after-shave lotion, and a notably fast-breaking after-shave foam its media. Its instructions include karate defense steps against women, who, the thought is, tend to get somewhat out of control on first sniff. ("*Watch it, Sister,*" is part of the suggested conversation a beleaguered man should have with such a woman.) A gentleman unschooled in karate should probably start out cautiously with Hai Karate after-shave lotion which comes with the cologne in a pagoda-boxed "gift collection" for \$3.75. . . . On to the sublime. This must be love. Brut Attaché Case by Fabergé. *Price \$1,000.* You heard us. Now hear the case: crafted in Italy of exquisite French alligator, lined with azure leather, protected by a suède-cloth jacket. Inside like a wine cellar. Everything, even the transistor radio, is packed in decanters. Great (or should we say Grand) quantities of Brut lotion, after-shave balm, primer for electric shaves, fresh-up, Replenish, spray deodorant, shower buff, shampoo, Brut Tenth. Chilled champagne in a sun-drenched lemon grove. Fabergé made just one hundred of these. Each is numbered. The lower the number—but, of course. . . . Follow your nose to Agua Lavanda Puig from Barcelona, a kind of *lavender we never met before*. Intense. Fiercely dry (seems it hardly ever rains in Spain, even on the plain). Thrillingly flaked in clear glass, topped with Mediterranean pine—packaging that won a coveted European award. Cologne, after-shave, shower gelée, moisturizer, soaps, \$1.50 to \$10. . . . From grandee to rajah in one fast whiff: Arden for Men, so *slyly redolent of Indian sandalwood* and other herbal matters. Stunning array of goodness for the whole male bit in a thoughtful assortment of boxes, bottles, leather cases. We are particularly taken with the Arden for Men soap, hard-milled, grooved for a man's grip; one way it's wrapped up is with Sandalwood after-shave and eau de cologne, under \$6. . . . If anything could be, should be, more exclusively masculine than Moustache, we'd like to know its name. A pungent meld of spices, wood roots, leaves, and citrus whipped up by Marcel Rochas, it stretches to a *score of manly variations*. A Moustache beginner might be launched with the after-shave and cologne set, \$6.50. . . . Evyan's The Baron is a *robust scent that mellows* but doesn't disappear as the day rolls on. The Travelling Baron kit gives it exceptional mobility, contains all this valet assistance in an attractive brown lizard-grained case: Gentleman's Cologne, after-shave emollient, roll-on deodorant, roll-on powder, and a mirror that easels onto the kit cover. \$7.50 the lot. . . . *This is official*, we'll have you know. The men's fragrance at the 1968 winter Olympics, Grenoble, France, will be Pour Un Homme by Caron. Cologne, after-shave, talc: all stuck up with Olympic seal in tricolore. Adds kicks, which you get inside too from the light, heathery-lavender fragrance, notably lasting in the outer world. \$2 to \$10. . . . To indoctrinate him in the potential of fragrance flexibility, Carmel Myers has worked up a captivating *men's cologne wardrobe*. ("Men have more than one tie, one suit, one shirt," she observed.) Three well-loved scents, London Lyme, Formale, Gamin, are packed in a little reproduction of a gentleman's eighteenth-century wardrobe. Rubbed walnut, brass knobs, extra drawer; \$30. Remember, it's for him. . . .



HAIRSTAY: With protein. Sprays healthy highlights. Hair is neat, never stiff.

CLEAR HAIR GROOM: Non-greasy hair gel adds protein and luster.

ASTRINGENT FACE SCRUB: Wipes away excess oil. Helps keep skin clear.

# Conserve your natural resource.

RICH SHAVE FOAM: Selected soaps and balms help protect skin from super-sharp blades.

FACE TONE UP MASK: Clear, cooling. A tingling after-five refresher.

FACE TAN: Instant outdoor look with after shave refreshment.

SPA BATH: A relaxing soak in woodsy aromatics soothes away tensions.

BODY RUB: After shower invigorator. Guards against skin dryness.

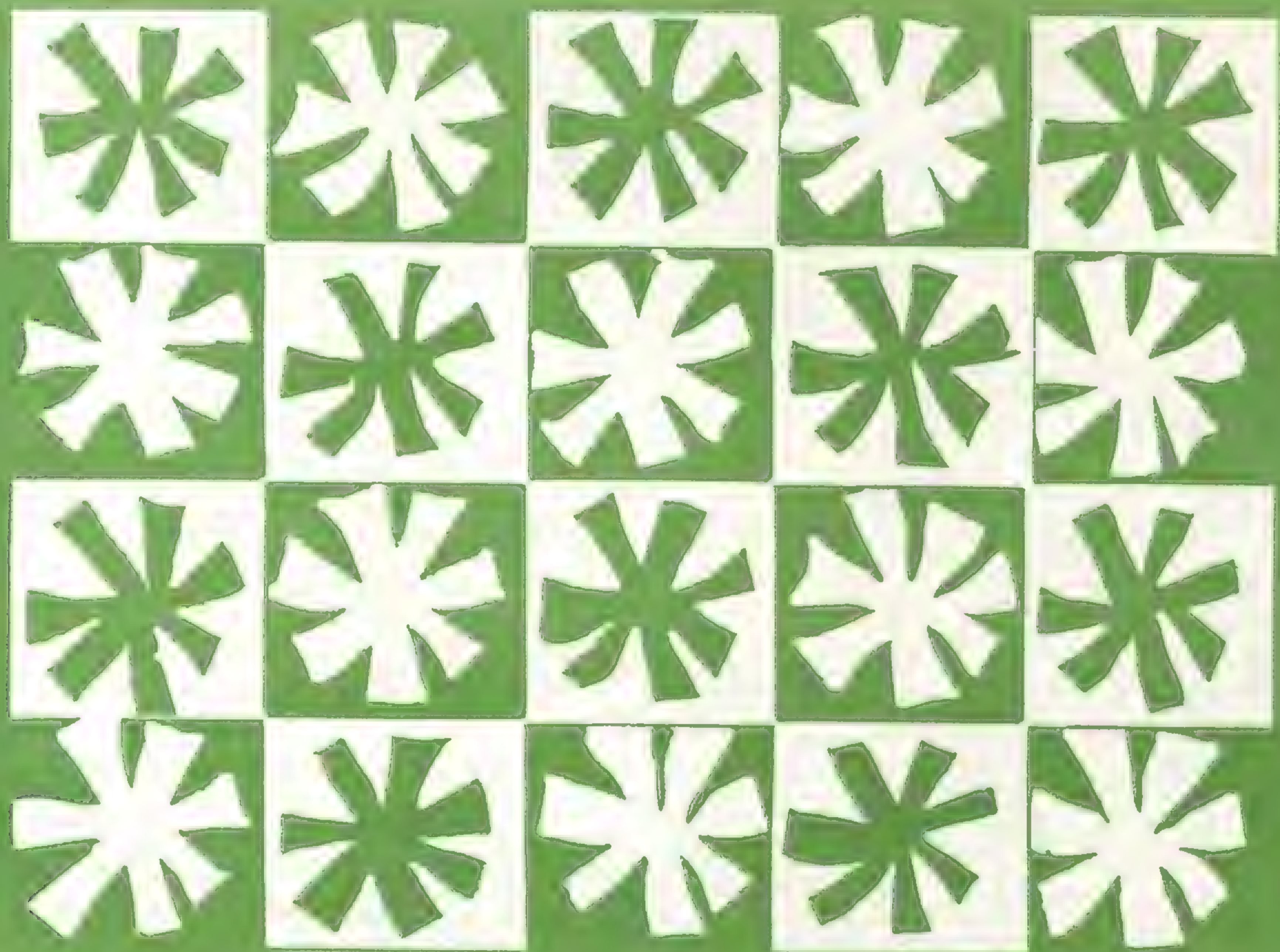
Konservera... a code of face and body care for the enlightened male. For the man who is vigorous, fit, in his prime—and wants to make the most of it. Each Konservera personal care essential has a specific use, a definite benefit. After all, Konservera is Swedish for "conserve." From \$2.25 to \$6.00.

**kanon konservera**

Scannon Ltd., Morristown, New Jersey

Also... Kanon cologne \$6.00. After Shave \$4.50. And Gift Sets (on carved wood trays) from \$10. Essential oils imported from Sweden.





*Give her twenty presents in one*

*Give her* **VOGUE** *for Christmas*

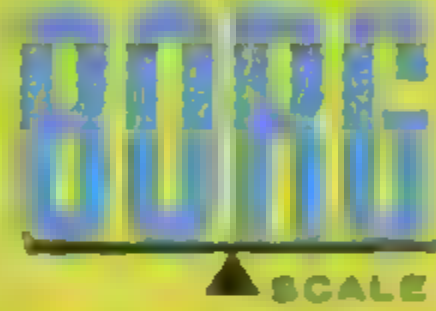
Twenty issues of the world's most up-to-the-minute fashion magazine will delight her the whole year through. Simply mail the order card, VOGUE does everything else: sends gift cards for you, signed as you tell us, and twenty times during 1968 delivers another of your VOGUE presents.





**TRADITIONAL BEAUTY . . .** The soft fur-like platform of this Borg oval scale adds a new air of luxury to your bath. (It removes for laundering, and easily re-attaches.) With it, the exclusive Borg precision-made mechanism—the beam-and-lever kind that you can believe. Makes weight-watching easy. Model 21245—in choice of colors, \$14.95.

*No other scale is made like a*



Far West slightly higher. Available in Canada. Borg-Erickson, Chicago

## VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR

*Welcome back  
to the future*

Here we go again, swinging on the pendulum. As soon as we get as far out as outer space, back we go to the good old days. In this case, Dana has done it for the gentlemen: Pullman fragrance in a train of colognes, after shave, talc, bath soap, lassoed shower soap. Frankly reminiscent of Diamond Jim's era, Pullman evokes vintage champagne, fine cigars, polished brass. And makes you feel like guiding him to Tiffany for maybe a bauble or two. (Remember when Dana paddled the Canoe line over from France? Pullman same continental idea. Only different. And new.) All made, sealed, even package-designed in Paris. Bevelled bottles, award-ribbon labels, plush red with gold on white. Yes, indeed. Solo or in combo gift sets, the most being the whole works in a smashing travel kit. *You* decide whether you want to go that far . . . by Pullman.

### *More here than meets the nose*

Far more inviting enterprise than a self-improvement program is a somebody-else-improvement program. And if there's a fine male specimen to be made just a bit finer at hand, well—who better? Ration his cigarettes, Martinis, cholesterol . . . and put him on this, an improvement program for many areas of him. Conservation of his well-being is its reason for being. Kanøn Konservera is Scandinavian in its wholesome manner and in essence (the oils are imported from Sweden). In its various forms, blended and bottled by Scannon Ltd., it's a benefactor to skin and hair. For instance, protein is the health-giving ingredient of Hair Stay, a spray, and of Clear Hair Groom, a gel. If he feels that his supply of skin oil is over-generous, he can modify it with an astringent face scrub. If, on the other hand, dryness needles him, a body rub used post-shower will stand guard for him. A rich shave foam offers protection from the slings and arrows of outrageous shaving. For spirit-lifting, there are Spa Bath, a relaxing tub-soak; a facial masque for toning up; and an aerosol tanner to deal with winter-white skin. Companion to the Konservera group is Kanøn, the fragrance-for-fragrance's-sake part of the program: virile as a Viking, but gentle, a scent imbuing after-shave, talc, cologne, deodorant, and soap—or coming in concentrated essence, if you can get him to take his perfume straight. Now then, he's on his way; quickly, back to your own program. . . .



**NEW MODERN . . .** Here's the famous Borg Scale with a smart new look. Gold-striped—against White, Black or Pink background. With brass handle. Contemporary. But the same precision-made mechanism—the beam-and-lever kind for which Borg is famous. Weight-watching's easy, with a Borg. This is model 612-H, \$7.95. Others from \$6.95.

*No other scale is made like a*



Far West slightly higher. Available in Canada. Borg-Erickson, Chicago



# *"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..."*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy*; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer*.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

"The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.

"*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.

"'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'

"How so?"

"'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds*.'

"'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to con-



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

tinue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'

"Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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Original Designs by Richard Loftus

## Awarded for Distinguished Service

Perhaps you've already earned the "Old England" watch. Perhaps your best is yet to come. Or maybe you're just hoping for a Christmas decoration. But in any event they cost just \$16.00 - so why not spoil yourself today ☐ Eyes Right ☐ Yellow/brown ring watch; model RR \$14.00 ☐ Purple/gold ring watch; model R \$14.00 ☐ Black/gold belt or pendant watch; model K \$16.00 ☐ Burnt orange wrist watch; model J \$16.00 ☐ Bitter brown/gold wrist watch; model O \$16.00 ☐ Tortoiseshell/burnished gold wrist watch; model T/H ☐ Wild black/white "Flower Power" wrist watch; model C/Flower \$16.00 ☐ All of the above in dozens of alternate colour schemes. All fitted with Swiss movements

guaranteed for one year ☐ Available at distinguished stores everywhere including: ☐ Bloomingdale's, New York ☐ B. Altman, New York ☐ Lord and Taylor, New York ☐ Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago ☐ Joseph Magnin, California ☐ The Halle Co. Cleveland ☐ P.S. Still wondering what to give someone for Christmas?

# Old England

Old England Watches Ltd. 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022





Vitabath Pink Bath and Shower Gelée • Body Buff Lotion • Powder Buff • Creme Lotion • Facial Bar • Travel Kit

## Any body can be some body with **Vitabath Pink**

We didn't expect to start a bath and shower revolution when we introduced Europe's fabulous Vitabath gelée to America. But that's what happens when you discover the unbelievably wonderful things Vitabath does to water . . . and to you. (Like keeping your skin looking younger than you.) Now "Vitabath Pink" . . . in an array of bath and after-bath miracle workers that you'll never want to be without. You'll find them at most fine cosmetic counters.

*Send 25¢ for a generous sample of Vitabath gelée.*

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Eleuthera  
Nassau**

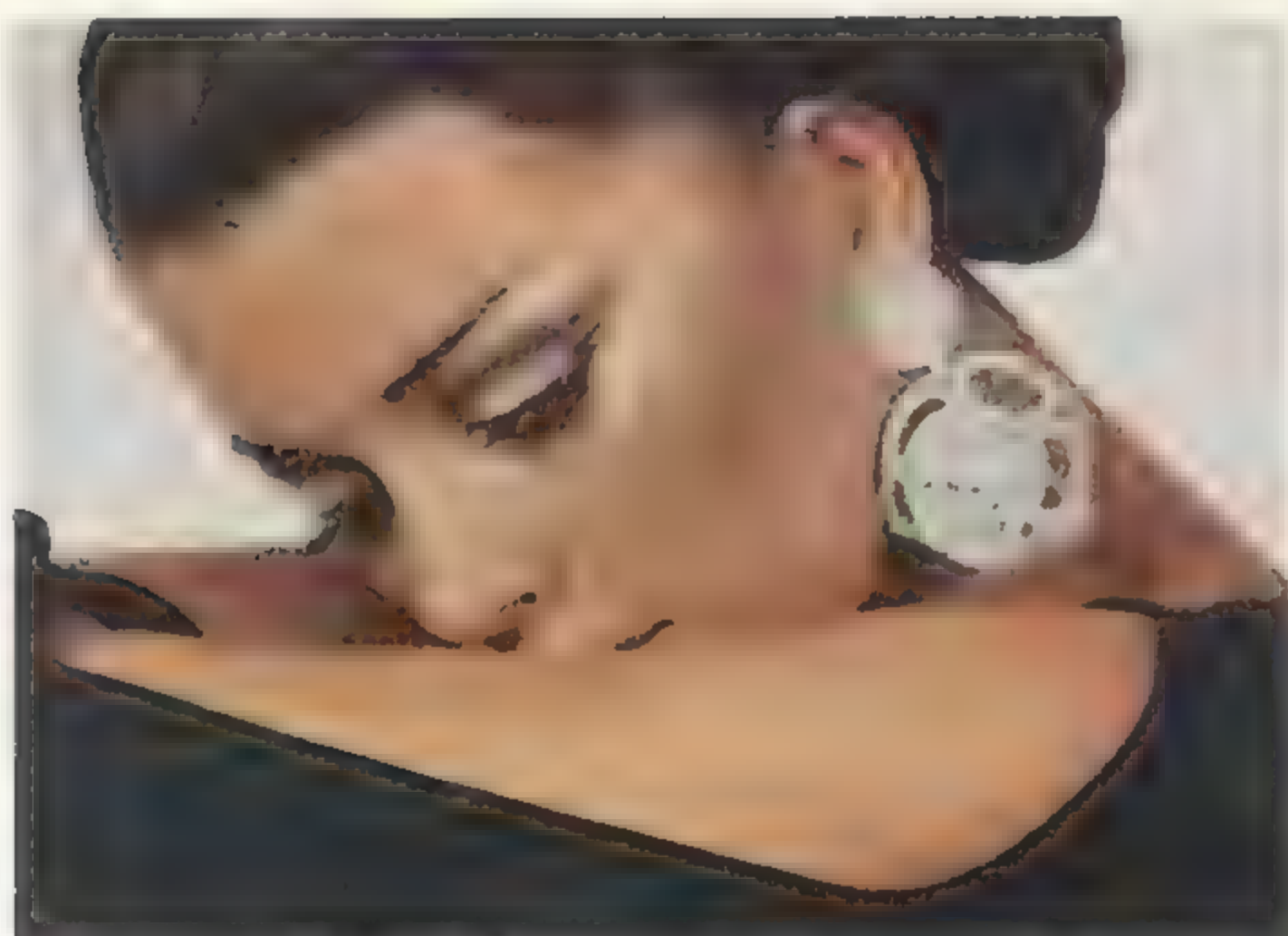
**Call a Pan Am<sup>®</sup>  
Travel Agent.**

**Pan Am makes  
the going great.**

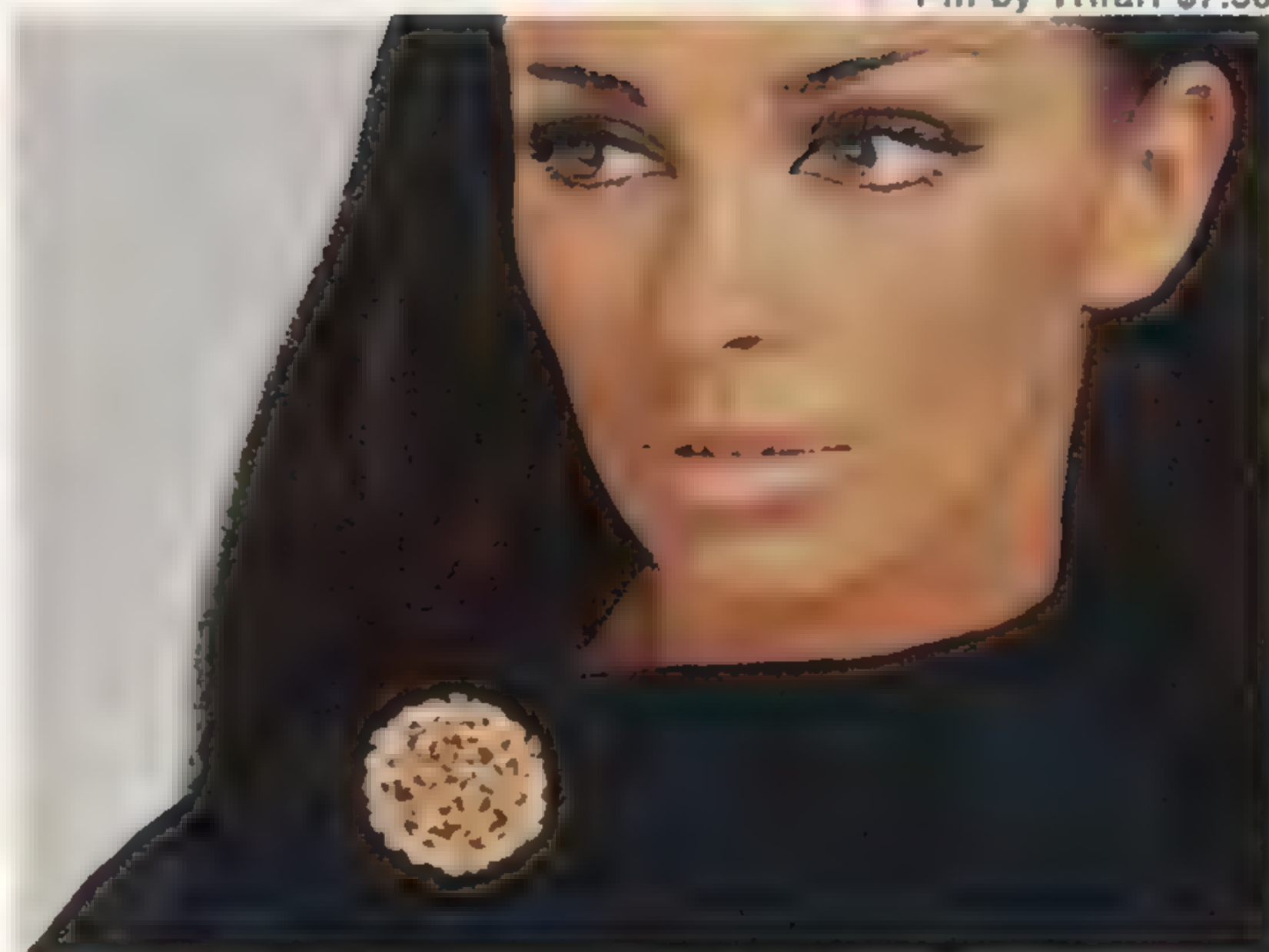


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experienced airline.**





A Earring by Mimi di N \$30.00

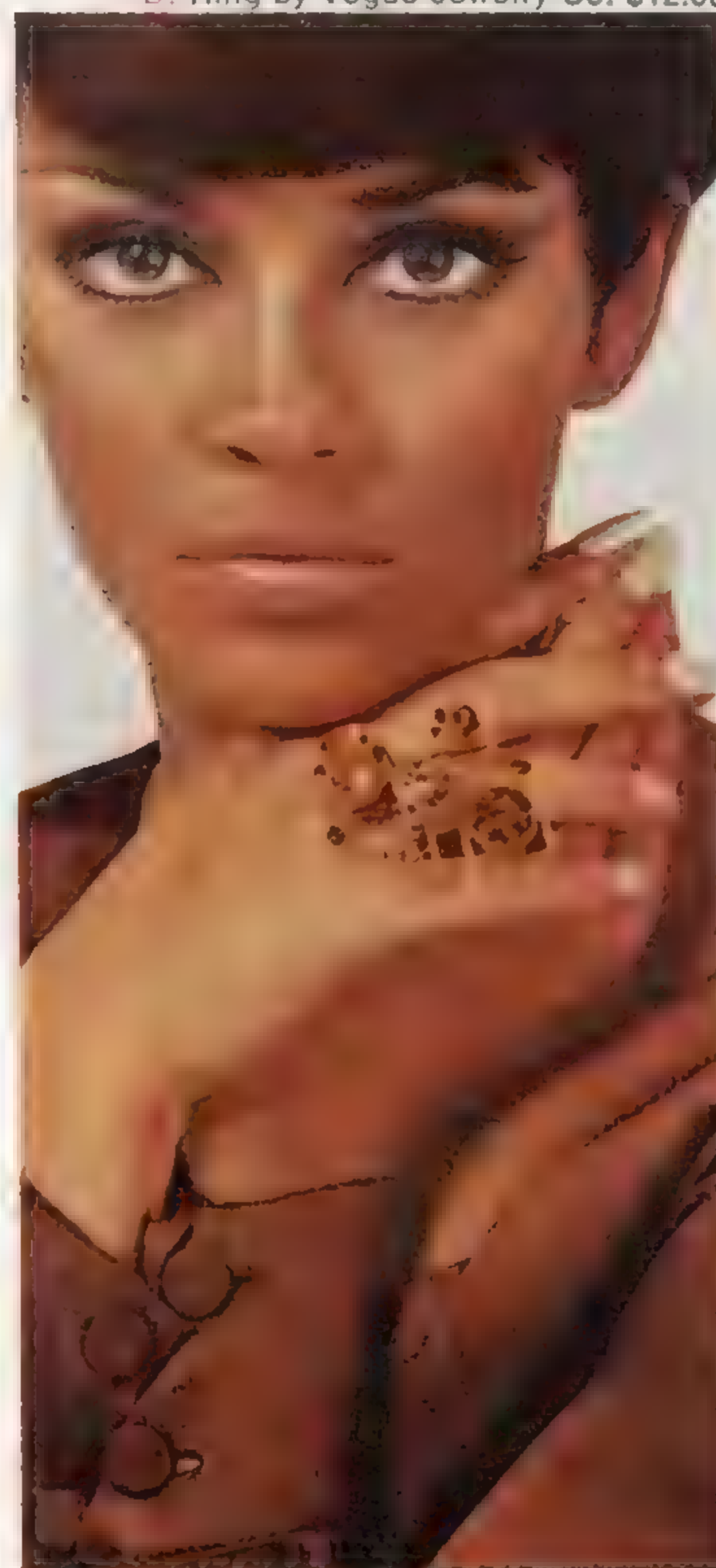


Pin by Trifari \$7.50

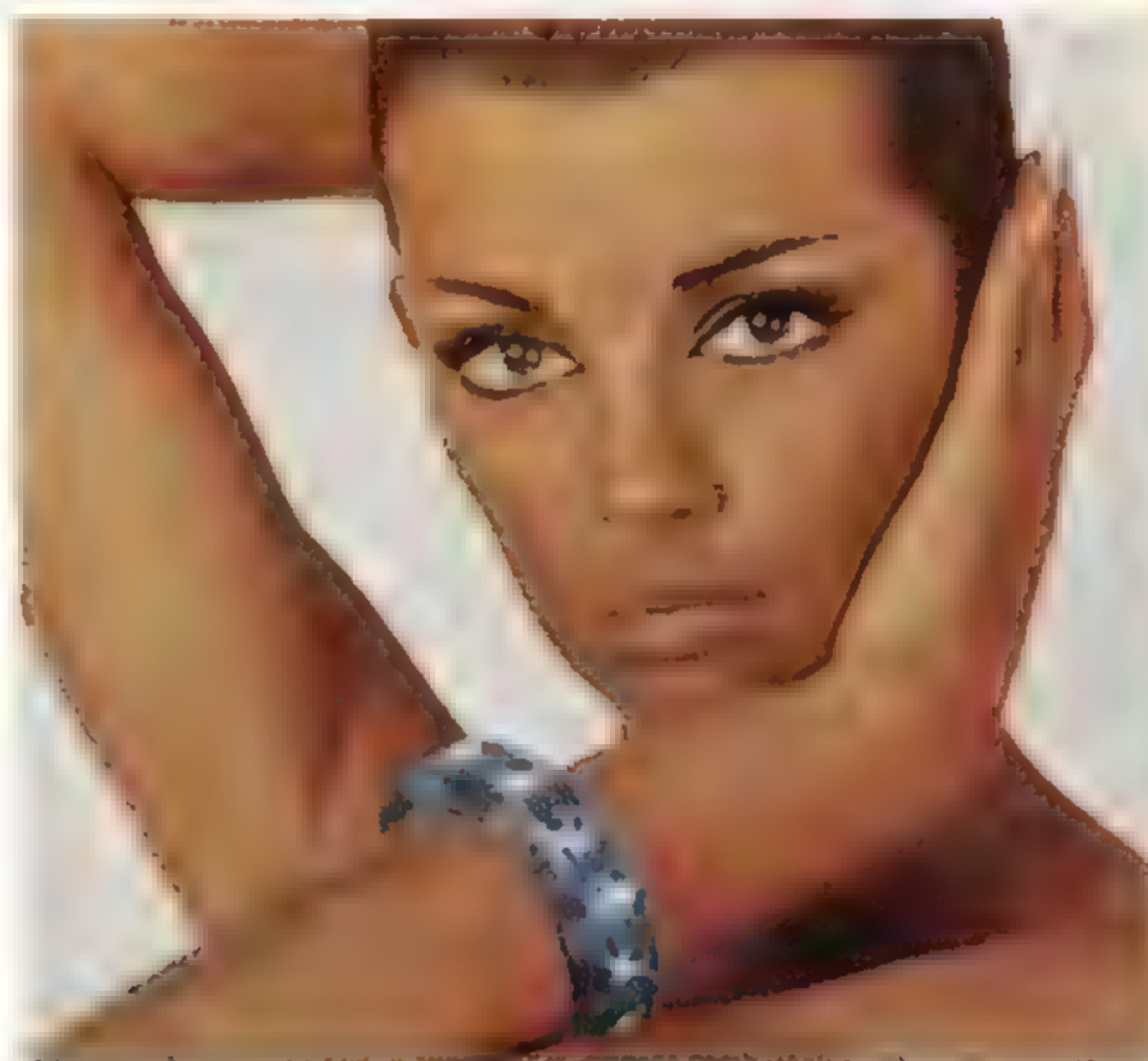
D. Ring by Vogue Jewelry Co. \$12.00



C. Necklace by Liliya \$25.00



All prices plus tax



E. Bracelet by Hattie Carnegie \$8.00



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Five sparkling works of art combine exciting textures, materials and colors to delight the eye and the touch...highlight the fashion of the moment. Their quality doubly attested to by the fine Swarovski simulated stones they incorporate, and their selection by the Great Designs panel of art and fashion experts. These and many more "Great Designs" now at your favorite store. Ask for them or write directly to the makers.

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Ever wear something and turn a quiet corner into a conversation piece?  
 Well, *Talbott's like that.*

Become the topic of vital interest in our double breasted cardigan costume by Cecil Raspberry. In Tara'an, Talbott's own full fashioned, machine washable and dryable, Orlon acrylic knit. The cardigan with Highlight stripes and a soft open collar, sizes 34 to 42. About \$16\*. Trimmed skirt, sizes 3 to 12, about \$13\*.

In five very conversive colors. At talked about stores everywhere, or write Talbott Knitting Mills, a division of U.S. Industries, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York.

**Talbott**  
**Orlon®**



# VOGUE'S

*The rewarding award dinner in New York  
for H.R.H. The Prince of The Netherlands*



1



2



3

The party glowed with *gezelligheid*, that special Dutch mood of cosy high spirits when H.R.H. Bernhard, Prince of The Netherlands received the Gold Medal from The Holland Society of New York.

The Biltmore ballroom shone, candlelight glancing off the medals of the men in full dress, the women in gala. But drollery cut pomp when the Burgher Guard, helmeted, costumed in orange and blue, paraded a caged beaver, "Eager," to the dais—a symbol of the first prosperous fur-trading Dutch settlers. A United States Navy band played during dinner, which was followed by a crop of speeches by General Norstad, Ambassador Harriman, and Senator Percy. After the formal presentation of the award to Prince Bernhard, this eighty-third annual banquet ended on a cabled



4

fashion's new pet!  
pretty as a peacock  
precise as a drill team  
the most knowing look  
to make the big time!  
exclusive too!  
about \$16.00 each in a  
wild excitement of colors.

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Dynasty wristwatches feature shock-resistant, anti-magnetic Swiss movements.



# NOTEBOOK



5

grace note in English: "I'm very happy to know you awarded the first Dutchman the distinguished Gold Medal." The sender: Juliana, Queen of The Netherlands.

1. H.E. Dr. C. W. A. Schurmann, Ambassador of The Netherlands to the United States, and H.R.H. The Prince of The Netherlands. 2. The Honourable W. Averell Harriman and Senator Charles H. Percy. 3. Major General Indar J. Rikhye, Military Advisor to the Secretary General of the United Nations, with Mrs. Rikhye. 4. The double-tiered dais of dignitaries, with the Dutch and American flags. 5. The Burgher Guard of The Holland Society. 6. The Honourable D. A. van Hamel, Consul General of The Netherlands in New York, with Mrs. van Hamel. 7. Mr. and Mrs. David Guyer. 8. Miss Eva Popper. 9. Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II; Mrs. Jacob K. Javits; General Lauris Norstad; and Mrs. Norstad.



6



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8



9



## The perfume for the cherished woman



Her radiance is a reflection  
of love shared... a love that sustains her  
in all she does. This is the woman  
who wears Prophecy Perfume.

**Prophecy**

new from PRINCE MATCHABELLI



The precious suede for Highlander's Ninotchka Coat was raised in the north country. How could a little snow hurt it?



This winter a girl's best friend is the Ninotchka Coat that's shearling snuggled in lamb's wool that doesn't give a hoot about rain, sleet, snow—because that's the kind of country it was reared in. In Walnut or Almond, sizes 8 to 16, about \$200 at Bonwit Teller, Chas. F. Berg, Rike's, or write Highlander, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. for stores near you. (While you're about it, ask for their suede care booklet.)

**Highlander**

**THE NOYMER** is slightly smaller than a billfold  
**Mini-Fold** but what it doesn't hold you probably don't need.



Be a well-organized woman. The compact Mini-Fold has outside change purse, mechanical pencil and memo pad, vinyl windows for 16 credit cards or photos (you can add more), alphabetical address file, currency compartment, pockets for charge plates, shopping lists, keys, driver's license, car registration. Fine supple leather. Black, brown, red, cologne, platinum, custard. \$6.00 at fine stores everywhere.



Another giftable from **NOYMER** NOYMER MFG. COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

# VOGUE'S

*The first best party in Washington  
at the Spanish Embassy*



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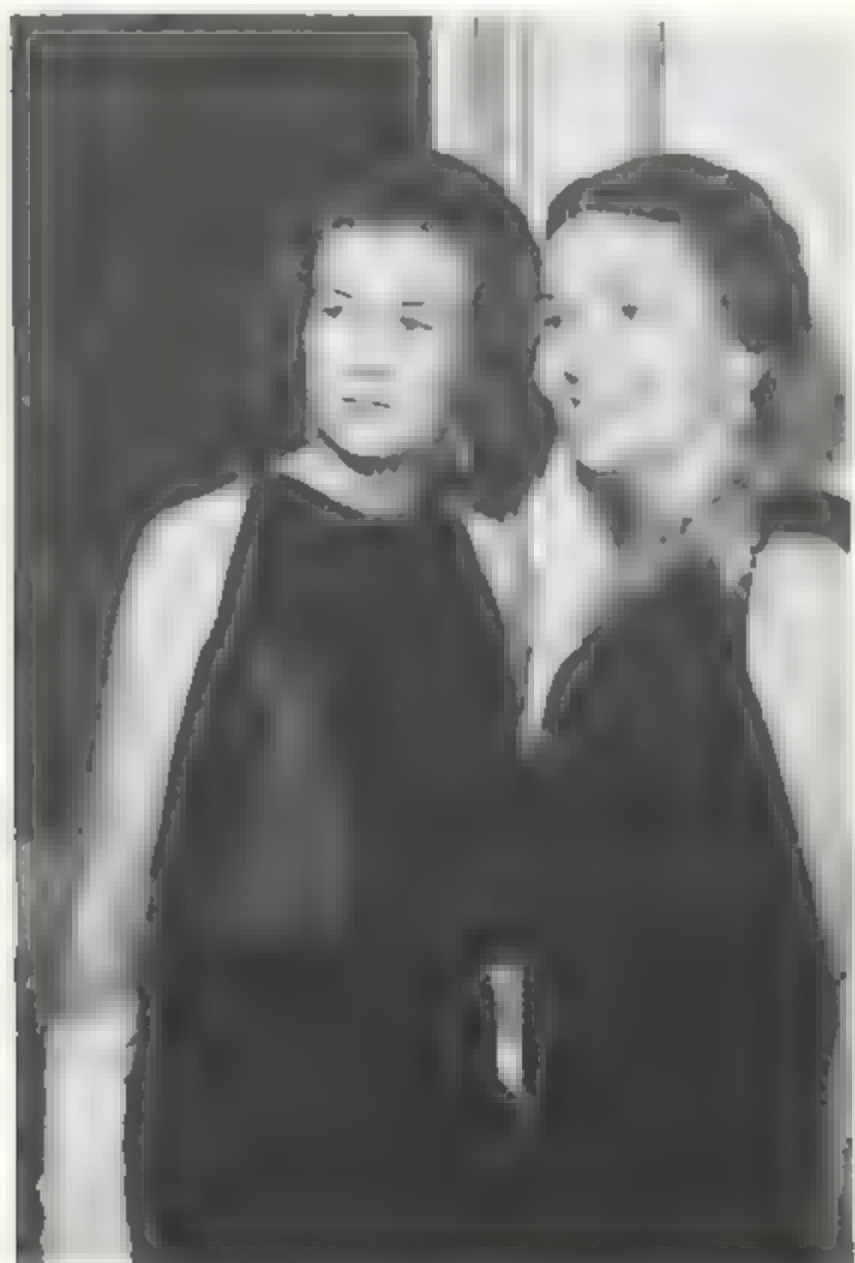


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The first party of the season in Washington (possibly excepting the spectacularly successful No Ball held on No Date). The first good party, too. The wife of the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquesa de Merry del Val, a perfectionist and a delight, has made the Spanish Embassy the hot invitation in town. So the Merry del Vals' benefit to raise scholarship funds for the imaginative, hard-working Washington boys' school The Heights was a success before it started. Of Washington's most attractive people (the city has at its centre an exceptional kernel of attractive people) three hundred came. No more allowed. At pretty supper tables ranged through the interlinking rooms of the Embassy they watched a parade of Oscar de La Renta's dramat-



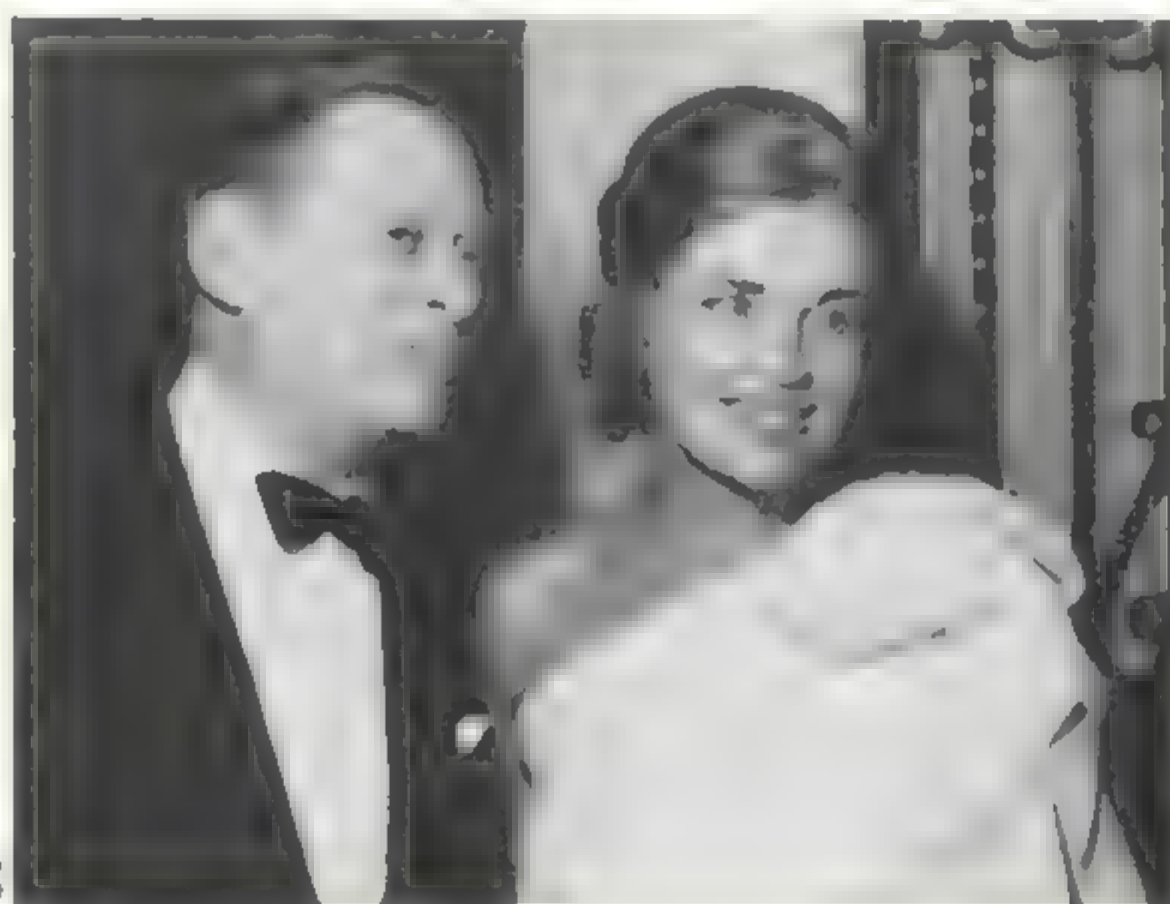
# NOTEBOOK



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ic clothes, danced to two bands. ate omelettes, but mostly just enjoyed. Until after three, when a cluster of house guests took over The Latin Trio's guitar to play Spanish songs and the Marquesa danced flamenco into the dawn. 1. The De La Renta fashion show at the Spanish Embassy. 2. The Honourable John L. Newbold, the Marquesa de Merry del Val. 3. Miss Lynda Bird Johnson, Captain Charles S. Robb. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sargent Shriver, junior. 5. Mrs. Maurice A. Selinger, junior; Mr. Charles F. Willis. 6. Mrs. Joseph Alsop, Mrs. Eugene C. Carusi. 7. Mr. John K. Culman. Mrs. Bruce G. Sundlun. 8. H.E. Vasco Leitao da Cunha. Ambassador from Brazil: Señora Tejera-Paris. 9. Mrs. Thomas G. Cushing, Count Mingo del Ren. 10. Dr. Walter Wood: Señora Echavarria. 11. H.E. The Marqués de Merry del Val, Mrs. Edward M. Kennedy, Congressman John Brademas of Indiana.



9



10



11

when  
The  
sun  
goes  
down

*It's time for Baume & Mercier. Exquisitely crafted timepieces designed by David G. Steven in beautiful, hand engraved textures of fourteen karat solid gold, highlighted by sparkling diamonds, precise with the world renowned Baume & Mercier Swiss movement.*

*At fine jewelry and department stores... at left \$1850, at right ladies concealed bracelet watch... \$1425.*

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in the cushiest pile of Orlon®  
acrylic. Side-swept and nuggety-  
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About \$35. Short length, about  
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VOGUE'S  
NOTEBOOK:

# THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

## *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, "extremely funny"

David Merrick deserves every credit for his bold venture in bringing *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* to Broadway. This production, which originated with The National Theatre of Great Britain, is an extremely expensive one which employs a large and sumptuously dressed cast. It makes its enormous investment in support of a lighthearted display of intellectual vitality of a kind that the New York theatre has been shy of for a long, long time.

Anyone who goes to see it will be rewarded by seeing the theatre taking the sort of risk it has to take if it is to stay alive, and while doing so giving full value in terms of beautifully professional acting, spectacle, and the presentation of interesting and amusing ideas. In marked contrast to the half-baked and amateurish avant-garde-ism of the Brustein-Blau axis, this is experimental theatre that stands on its own feet and asks for no concessions and allowances from its audiences on the ground that it is doing good or serving a noble cause. It is working, in short, as the experimental theatre should, by giving the new the support of every art and artifice known to the professional.

Tom Stoppard, the author, has written a play running parallel to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, which is assumed to be in simultaneous performance with it. Stoppard's heroes are, however, the two subordinate characters from Shakespeare's play he has named in his title, and his work is about their growing bewilderment and confusion as they discover, while waiting offstage between their brief scenes, how marginal their place in *Hamlet*'s story is and how bitterly and inexplicably Shakespeare has it in for them. At first they only wonder why they have been sent for so urgently when the court of Denmark seems to have so little use for them. Then, as the promptings of the player-king, with whom they have a peculiarly sinister and ambiguous relationship, reveal the workings of Shakespeare's plot to them, they realize that they have been brought in simply as accessory victims.

They have been set up by Shakespeare so that *Hamlet* can perform, by the exchange of letters on shipboard, that cool and casual act of treachery that is to bring them, for no greater crime than that of having been caught up in a sequence of events that they do not begin to understand, to the headsman's block as soon as they reach England. Much of their increasingly anguished debate about their situation is extremely funny, and much of the play is eerily beautiful, especially in the superbly mounted second and third acts. It must, however, be said that Mr. Stoppard's idiom is very English indeed, and that Mr. Merrick's risk is concentrated on this point.

Those long English winters and long evenings, when it gets as dark as pitch round about tea time and during which home life becomes densely concentrated indoors behind drawn curtains and beside a snug fire, foster a national appetite for intricate word games in which the references and clues are of a kind to impress the outsiders as almost insanely private and parochial. Basically, Mr. Stoppard's play is such a fireside game, and not every American theatregoer may wish to play it. The performances of Brian Murray and John Wood, who as *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* do most of the riddling, are full of intelligence; but Paul Hecht touches a higher level altogether. He brings something truly memorable with a hint of real magic in it to the part of the player-king and to every scene in which he appears.



By ANN BIRSTEIN

## *Gone with the Wind,*

### "the movie we fell in love with"

When I was a little girl, I used to spend my time either playing Monopoly or going to see *Gone with the Wind*, two such consuming pleasures that I can't imagine how I did anything else. These days I can no longer vouch for the joys of Monopoly. But as to *Gone with the Wind* I'm happy to say that the great romantic epic of so many of our childhoods is back with us, still four hours long, still on the whole surprisingly robust and beautiful, and not, as I had feared to find it looking, like one of those splay-footed stuffed lions upstairs at the Museum of Natural History.

It's strange to think that except for Olivia de Havilland, the gentle Melanie, the others are all dead now: Clark Gable, the handsome, dashing Rhett Butler to whom we lost our hearts; Vivien Leigh, the green-eyed, tempestuous Scarlett O'Hara, on whom we modelled ourselves; Leslie Howard, the delicate, poetic son of the Old South, who frankly left us cold. (Rhett, I knew it was you Scarlett loved all along.) For there they all are again, re-creating those famous scenes from Margaret Mitchell's novel, like big coloured illustrations of a well-thumbed text. The belles in their swaying hoopskirts mingle at the last Twelve Oaks barbecue. Atlanta burns. The background music swells and a sun-bonneted silhouetted figure scoops up the red earth of Tara and swears she will never go hungry again.

Why did it all work so well for us and why, in the years since *Gone with the Wind* first appeared in 1939, has so much of its appeal lingered? The night I went the audience burst into applause at Rhett's first appearance at the foot of the spiral stairs. Obviously the answer isn't merely in the great sweeping visual aspects of the film, though they are considerable—even now the unwinding panorama of dead and wounded at the Atlanta depot makes me gasp—or in the acting, though much of it stands up surprisingly well, particularly Olivia de Havilland in a performance which I had not remembered as so touchingly lovely, or Butterfly McQueen, as the maddening, whiny Prissy. I refuse to dwell on Scarlett's "fiddle-dee-dee" or Rhett's "heh-heh." Some things are sacrosanct. Maybe it was that in Scarlett we at last had a heroine who in spite of her dimples was no goody-goody but a tough-minded, sassy girl, and in Rhett, to complete the day-dream, an omnipotent, omnipresent hero who saw right through her but loved her anyway. Or maybe that it pictured a society where personal courage counted, and men were gallant and ladies brave (they not only got to wear those marvellous crinolines, they also had a Cause), and Negroes solved the problem of slavery by presumably enjoying it.

What the latest generation of little girls will make of all this, I would hesitate to say. But for many of us who came upon it long ago, I guess *Gone with the Wind* will always remain the quintessential movie, the one that marked a turning point in our skimpy young lives, the movie we fell in love with as older people fall in love with people. I can still remember that extraordinary dawning when my eyes suddenly glued themselves to the love scene on the screen, all sneering thoughts of "sissy stuff" abandoned forever. Evidently M-G-M is assuming that some such revelation will occur again and have gilded their lily with a new "70 mm-wide screen and full stereophonic sound," which means a slightly blurred print and overloud music but nothing more serious. I kind of hope M-G-M is right. It's nice to think that right now some small female is pulling up her knee socks and, with a gallant toss of her head, is declaring that tomorrow is another day. (More movies on page 163.)



Frivol

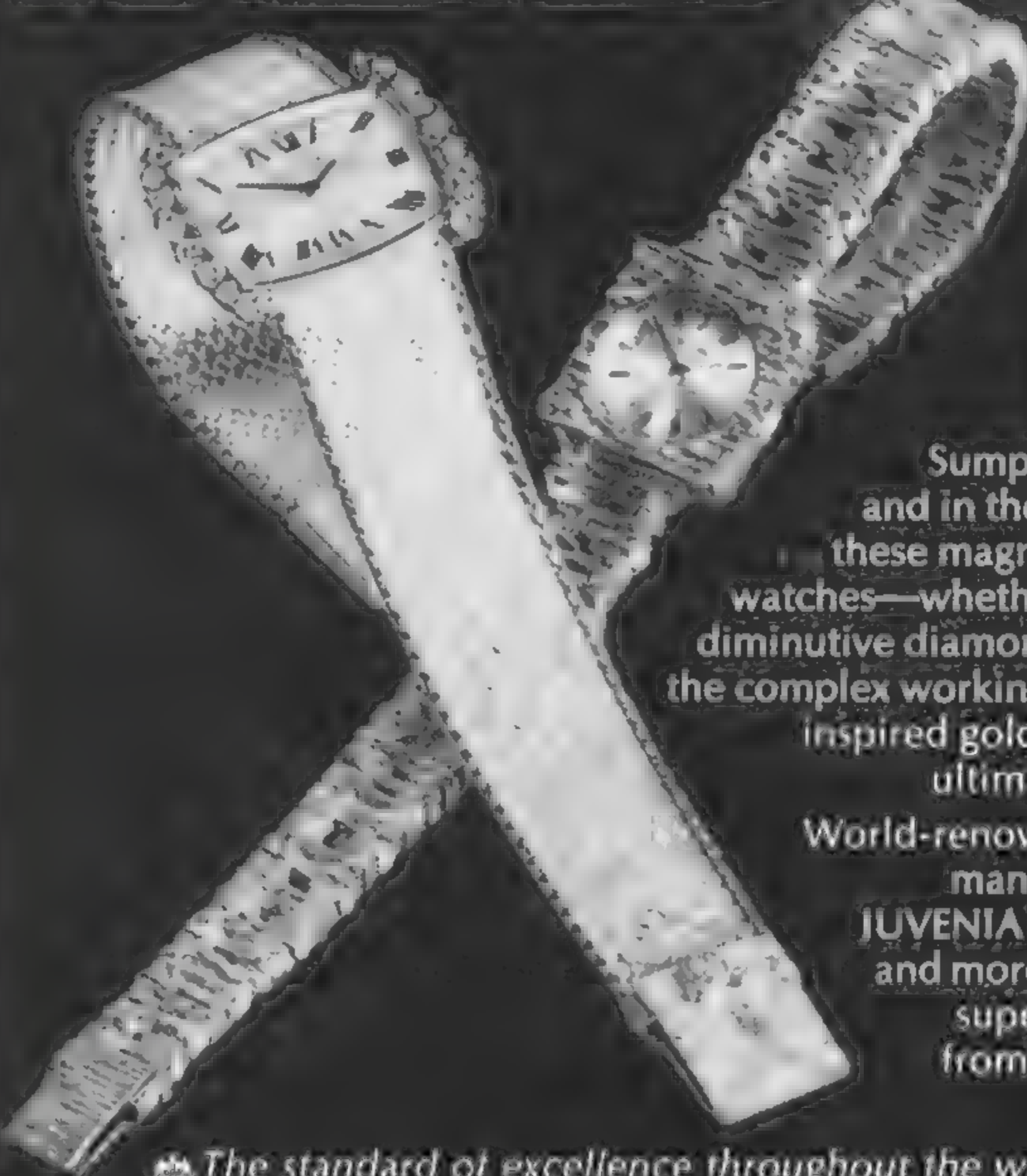
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**Skinny likes them Mini**

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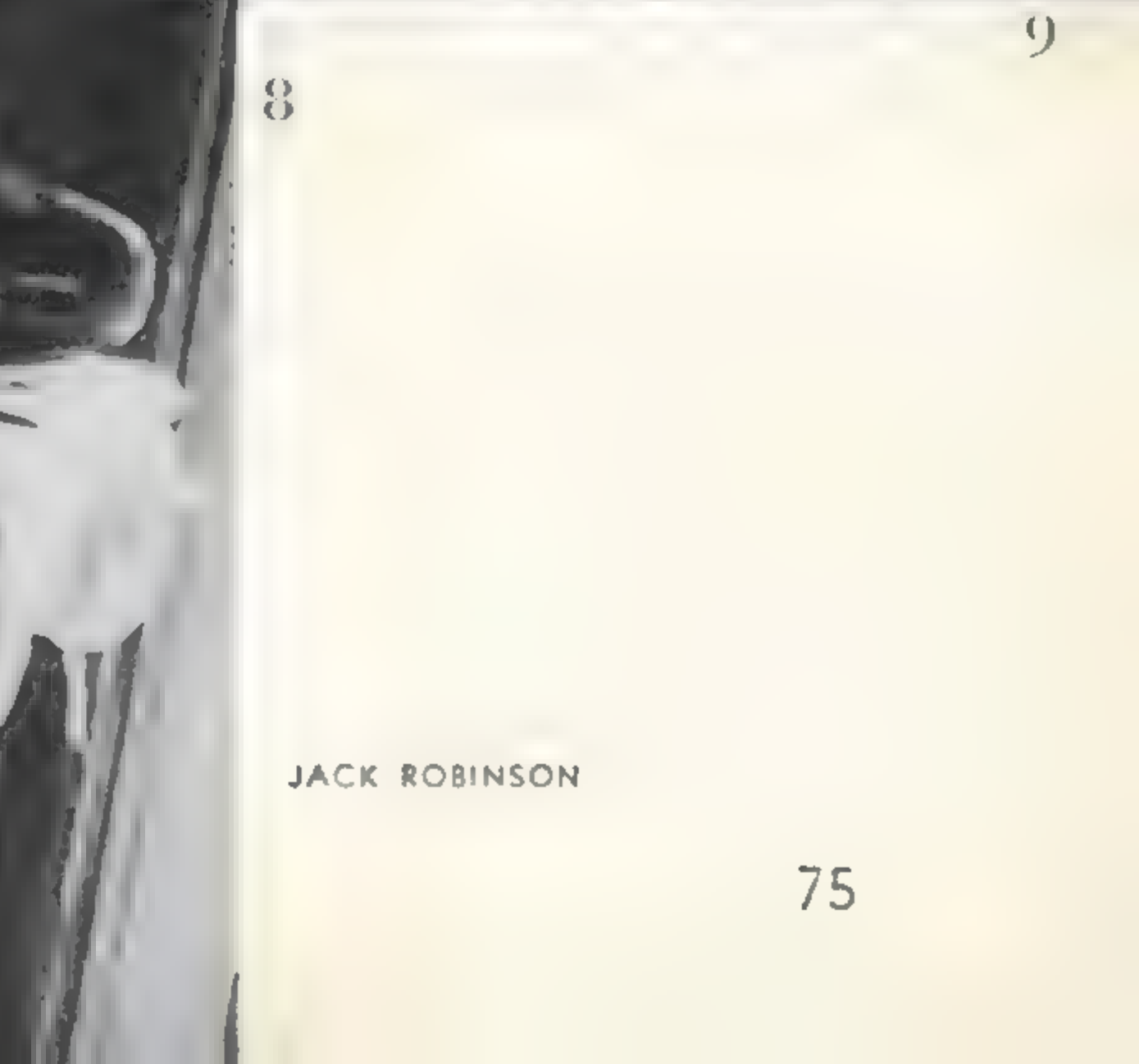
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# MEN IN VOGUE

## ...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

**One Hour:** nonstop shopping, one man's plan. Object: find weekend and after-five gear, new topcoat, shoes, a weekend bag. Results: At Le Dernier Cri, 17 East 13th St., 1: stout brown twill zip jacket, \$75. Then, Battaglia, 473 Park Avenue, for 2: mandarin collar tan melton fitted coat with 3: high, round collar to attach at will and 4: great slate-blue twill coat with guardsman's collar. Each, about \$150. Next, Cardin Boutique, Bonwit Teller, for 5: toast-colour zip-front tweed suit, \$225, square-toed boots, \$70, forest-green turtleneck, \$35; 6: skinny white sweater with white giant ring-zip, \$50; 7: short butterscotch suède jacket, \$200. Wind-up: Jacomonte, handsome new shoe place at 1045 Third Avenue, specialists in the toe cut square as a boxing ring. One, 8: marron glacé patent, silver-buckled, \$55. Bag, 9: two feet of russet leather with black leather straps bound to it by silver chains, \$95.





# Royal Secret

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# Germaine Monteil



NOVEMBER 15, 1967

# VOGUE's *Eye View:* *the way to a man's hearth*

AT-HOME FASHION THAT MAKES YOU FEEL YOU'RE ADORED

Everybody has something to say about it (you'll find snatches of dialogue in the pages that follow); all we have to say is this: Know yourself. Know your man. Know the hearth-site. And go to it!...There are women who adore really to get themselves up of an evening—and men who take this

as the most flattering gesture a woman can make. There are women who love to seal themselves in a cling of leotard with a chain of diamonds at the waist, and simply curl up at the fire, sinuous as cats—and you'd be surprised how many men are wild about cats. Then there are the women who feel and look so absolutely sensational in pants. For them—and for their scores of male admirers—something Dandy, *right*: Revillon's beige silk stretch pants and gold-veined, black-patterned white knit cardigan; black mink lines it and through its edges the jabot of a white shirt preens itself in a delicious extravagance of lace ruching. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue. Cadore earrings. Rings: Bruce Rudow; Sant' Angelo; Maisson de Fou. Carita coiffure.

*“Stretch pants...  
a glorious  
garment that  
does at least  
as much for the  
feminine form  
as nature did,  
and sometimes  
more.”*









*"The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste."*

ARTEMUS WARD SAID IT

**C**ASTILLO PROVES IT AT HOME- HIS GLEAMING METALLIC JIBBA WITH UNEVEN SLEEVES AND HEM.. ORNAMENTAL, LUXURIOUS... FEMALE

Points at the fingertips, right, points at the hem—Castillo points the way to a sultan's hearth in a swirling seraglio fantasy of beaten copper, gold, silver, blue, and Chinese green fastened with filigree cord. Jibba, of Ducharne fabric, worn with silvery sandals by Mancini. Repeating the silhouette of the jibba, left, hair coiffed in a golden tower of ringlets and jewel-caught falls; by Carita. Sant' Angelo hair ornaments. Earrings by K. J. L.







*"I like my birds  
on the  
bright side..."*

A BEATLE SAID IT



# G

**IVENCHIY'S  
BRIGHT ONES-  
WINGS-OF-BRILLIANCE  
COATS FLOWN OVER  
CROPPED JUMPSUITS**

Lamé over lamé, left: golden dazzle that could blaze a path to any man's hearth. . . . The unsleeved coat falls back in fullblown flight from the jumpsuit's cowled throatband, and the waist is held by a jewelled belt. Coupe de velours over crêpe, right: herds of toy elephants and giraffes roam on shining white ground—a flyaway shimmer of coat going full tilt from trousered knee to a great panel sweep. Marshall Field.





*"...what is the proper  
function of women,  
if it is not to make  
reasons for  
husbands to stay  
at home..."*

GEORGE ELIOT SAID IT

**G**IVENCHY REASONS-  
UNSHY VIOLET WITH A  
WINK OF MINK.  
CHROME JUMPSUIT  
COATED ON THE SIDE

Vivid violet gazar, right, ringed  
by bands of white mink—once  
round the small sleeveless bod-  
ice, once round the hem; a  
bias scarf wraps the shoulders  
on the way to a certain man's  
hearth—the one who must  
be handled with white kid  
gloves. Givenchy lipstick:  
an ingenuous young col-  
our called Claudine.

Coupe de velours, far  
right, curved over  
crêpe: the sleeveless  
coat, a perpetual gar-  
den of shimmering  
bonsai trees, wraps  
far to the left and  
fastens with jewels  
—showing one  
brilliant yellow  
leg of the crêpe  
jumpsuit under-  
neath. At Mar-  
shall Field.













# LOVE, MYSTICISM, AND THE HIPPIES

BY KURT VON MEIER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kurt von Meier, an amusing, flip young student of the hippie world, received his Ph. D. from Princeton University in art and archaeology, and is now an assistant professor at UCLA where he teaches the history of modern art. At present he is at work on a series of books on the history of the relationship between popular music and contemporary arts. The first volume, soon to be published, investigates the background and the beginnings of rock 'n' roll.*

"We love you," now sing The Rolling Stones, who once projected the image of England's—and perhaps the world's—grittiest sounding and meanest looking pop-music group. This transformation of *December's Children*, the title of their 1966 album, into *Flowers*, the title of their 1967 album, symbolizes the effects of a pervasive new mystical force centred around a concept or experience of love. And rolling along with the Stones on "We Love You," millions of America's acute teen-age ears have self-convincingly detected the four other familiar voices of the Beatles—themselves recent converts to the "bliss consciousness" of the Indian love and meditation mystic Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Right behind the lead of these imported influences there are likely to follow more fans, including many of America's not-so-teeny-any-more boppers; for the conjunction of The Rolling Stones and the Beatles on the theme of love is a generic anticipation of potentially revolutionary effects for more than one generation: the mystical revelation of a world-wide hippie culture, focused on love, and with music the leading vehicle of expression. For example, the folk-oriented Scottish singer Donovan is another convert to the Maharishi's message: "Enjoy what you are! The natural state of man is joy." At one of the

travelling mystic's recent lectures expostulating his system of transcendental meditation, the audience included jazz flautist Paul Horn, Herb Alpert of the Tijuana Brass, and the radical post-rock 'n' roll musician Mayo Thompson.

In ethics and morality, the general phenomenon of hippie mysticism creates some striking contrasts with "straight society." About morality, concerning motivation, ideals, and one's own actions, the hippie offers to the Straight's code best described in practice by the term expedience this alternative: "Get your own head straight first." About ethics, concerning one's reactions in worldly situations and one's reactions in interactions, to the Straight's controlling code of consistency, the expected at almost any cost, the hippie answers: "Let every human being do his own thing."

Timothy Leary's paradigm, "Turn on, tune in, drop out," remains the classic statement of the hippie *Weltanschauung*. A highly individualized process of self-investigation, self-discovery, and self-realization is characteristic of hippie mysticism. Such explorations of inner space can also be self-induced or abetted by means ranging from various sources of inspiration in Western civilization, through the disciplines of Zen, the asceticism of macrobiotics, the chance of the *I Ching*, the magic of astrology, the wisdom of the Cabala, or the chemical combinations of LSD, DMT, and STP, to the use of pot, hashish, peyote, or magic mushrooms. Excluded are only the bogeys of bought sex, bring-down established religion, booze, and barbiturates.

Within the hippie community, however, there are frequently conflicting approaches to the process of turning-on. Some of these were brought out dramatically when the master of classical Indian music, rāgam- (Continued on next page)

**JIM MORRISON**, the lead singer and songwriter of The Doors, is at twenty-two one of the most shaken loose, mind-shaking, and subtle agents of the new music of the new, mysticism-oriented young. His voice, weak on high notes, lacks stamina and belt, but it couldn't matter less. He gets people. His songs are eerie, loaded with somewhat Freudian symbolism, poetic but not pretty, filled with suggestions of sex, death, transcendence. Part of his swamping magnetism is an elusiveness as if he were singing for himself. Four young men who met as university students in Los Angeles, The Doors have the California sound. The electronics, the spooking organ tones, the traces of rāga and sitar. Disciplined, inventive, strong in their sense of beat and form, they excel at those long, deceptively impromptu "popsongs" that last seven or more minutes. Their "Light My Fire" took off as a hit. But The Doors play at their best in "The End," a song that runs for more than eleven and a half minutes with words by Jim Morrison writing as if Edgar Allen Poe had blown back as a hippie.



# LOVE AND MYSTICISM

Continued

ambassador Ravi Shankar, came out forcefully *against* various plant and chemical stimuli. He even asked his largely hippie audience at last summer's Monterey International Pop Music Festival please not to defile the air with cigarette smoke while he played. Most of the press failed to note that his admonitions were against alcohol, too, and that they were made principally because Shankar believes his own music is sacred. "I have come to believe," said Shankar in a *Los Angeles Oracle* interview, "that sound is God. According to our people and the Yogis, there are two types of sound. . . . One is the sound which is heard and the other sound is not really heard by ears normally. It is heard after a great deal of *sadhana*, or dedication, and by working for the sound which you hear through your insides."

By whatever means one turns-on, however, it is the second step in the process, the tuning-in, that bears most of the mystical or transcendental implications. (The dropping-out step, frequently discussed, is almost as often totally misunderstood.) "The absolutely primary thing," said Alan Watts in *The City of San Francisco Oracle*, "is that there be a change of consciousness in the individual . . . that he escape from the hallucination that he is a separate ego in an alien universe and that we all come to realize, primarily, that each one of us is the whole works."

Sometimes these realizations take weird forms. The Maharishi's term "cosmic consciousness" will appear as the title of Paul Horn's new record, which combines his Western flute with sitar, dilruba, tabla, tamboura. New York's *The East Village Other* recently showed on its front page a telegram announcing that "GOVERNMENT OF HATE HAS TAKEN OVER MOMENTARILY," and signed, "INTERGALACTIC WORLD BRAIN." To counter this, there are the forces of the new god that is sound: The symphonic beauty of The Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations," the bittersweet "high" realm of *Electric Music for the Mind and Body* by Country Joe and the Fish, or the demesne of mythical sound in the music of an avant-garde group called United States of America. This is the far-out or far-in region of both sensory and psychic perception elicited by The Jimi Hendrix Experience from England, the post-rock Department of Interior, and the soul-rock 5th Dimension. By extension of its outward manifestations, there are the Electric Circus, the Kaleidoscope, the Cheetah, or San Francisco's famous Fillmore and Avalon ballrooms—most of these origi-

inally derived a strong impetus from Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable above the Dom in New York. Similarly, the Velvet Underground, a group produced by Warhol, was instrumental (if not always lyrical) in breaking new ground for radical music.

By its eclectic nature and syncretic effects hippie mysticism is difficult to relate to any one written doctrine or philosophical system. Norman Mailer's brilliant essay, "The White Negro," was one of the first *written* realizations that a movement different in kind was growing out of the culture of the mid-1950's. But Mailer was paralleled and often preceded by the spoken words of such tremendously influential (if "officially" unrecognized) real philosophers of our times as Lenny Bruce and Jean Shepherd. Such other heroes as the poet Allen Ginsberg, and Chester Anderson, who runs an underground publishing group, the Communication Company in San Francisco, express and embody this extensive paradox recognized by Marshall McLuhan and by many of the rest of us who use the printed word in attempts to comprehend and communicate with an essentially post-literate culture.

Among the media employed by that culture, the human body has become the paramount vehicle for a host of sub-medial means of expression. This, too, contains a paradox, in that mystical perceptions are presented in quintessentially corporeal contexts. In the realm of grooming, for example, or more specifically in hair, men in the hippie world demonstrate a freely "religious" protestant reaction to the closely cropped near-tonsure of the institutionalized, drab, grey-habited businessmen-monks. But the girls, if anything, tend toward the opposite direction with their ascetically simple locks.

Common to hippies of both sexes (but not limited to them) are exuberantly exotic concepts of clothing, which suggests that they regard themselves and their adornment as their own greatest works of art. The difference between them and the rest of the world here is possibly in extremes as well as in underlying mystical motivation. But it is false to equate the unusual with the unkempt. In the beginning the Beatles were constantly ribbed about their supposedly shaggy hair. It did, indeed, present a strange image for eyes long since grown accustomed to a hair range between Marine Corps scalp stubble and legitimate Ivy League length; but the Beatles' hair was also perhaps the most meticulously groomed shag the world had ever known.

In the development of clothing, too, the growth of inner personal freedom and psychic self- (Continued on page 160)

## RAVI SHANKAR, THE GREATEST VIRTUOSO OF THE SITAR

*No one screams. At New York's Philharmonic Hall, the boy in white ducks and a bishop's golden cope waits with the other three thousand in the audience, almost all of them about twenty years old. Then Ravi Shankar enters, a small, barefooted, plump Hindu carrying his sitar of teakwood and ivory. Wearing a white kurta and dhoti, he sits down, lights the incense sticks, rubs henna paste on his fingers to cool them, and tunes his sitar for fifteen minutes before he begins a sacred, melancholy, slow rāga which later rushes along. (A rāga is the traditional melodic pattern of Hindu music.) This rāga lasts for almost eighty minutes, without explanation to this disciplined audience, all listening intensely, following the subtle, minute improvisations. Shankar is theirs. It is the same wherever he plays. Thousands buy the Shankar records, some three hundred students at the City College of New York are in his classes, learning about classical Indian music. A ritualist, a thorough man of the theatre, the greatest virtuoso of the sitar, Ravi Shankar soothes, enthralls, and excites, plucking at nerve ends as he plucks six of the sitar's nineteen strings, leaving thirteen for droning resonance. No one dares move.*







# MEN, NOW

**G**inger to women, the look of men  
now, their hair longer, their  
clothes witty, subtle, and  
suddenly one of a kind. What swung this  
marvellous change? Women in part and indirectly  
by catching on at first flash to their own clothes,  
strokes of fashion often in stuffs never made  
before that make women wholly noticeable,  
electric. Men then took off on their own. Turtle-  
necks with dinner jackets, a thousand possibili-  
ties. A romantic spirit of enjoyment, fun, daring.  
The die-stamp look in men's clothes had to go.  
But not their hair. Long, longer, but not longest.  
Where is audacity in ripping grey-flannel rules,  
if nothing is left but miscellaneous dishevelment?  
Cleverly, a number of men broke those  
old rules the way intelligent, attractive men  
have always busted rules: By knowing what,  
at least for them, happens next. The men on the  
next fifteen pages have in common *only* a sure  
sense of who they are and what they want.  
No hangers-on. No put-ons. No show-offs.  
Each disguised as no one but himself.

**THOMAS PATRICK JOHN ANSON**, fifth Earl of Lichfield, is also Viscount Anson and Baron Soberton. Also Patrick Lichfield, brilliant young photographer: he took, for *Vogue*, the photographs on the next three pages—including the triple self-portrait opposite—and those of H. R. H. the Duke and the Duchess of Windsor, on pages 98-103. He is, as well, a spirited young-man-about-London, tireless dancer—according to a friend, “he will go out with almost any girl who will dance all night”—and smashing dresser, with his own particular brand of elegance. . . . Lord Lichfield was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, served for four years in the Grenadier Guards—where he was known for his prowess as a boxer—then resigned his commission to take up photography. He has two country houses, one an ancestral seat called Shugborough Hall, but operates generally out of a comfortable studio-house combination in London's Aubrey Walk. Through his Scottish mother, the former Anne Bowes-Lyon (now Princess Anne of Denmark), he is a cousin of the Queen. His family motto—as useful, perhaps, to a photographer as to a soldier—is “Nil Desperandum”. . . . Tall, blond, and broad-shouldered, with a parade-ground straightness, he enjoys wearing—and looks marvellous in—clothes like these. *Near right*, a dark-green evening cape with black-braided collar; white pleated shirt with a lace jabot, from Turnbull and Asser; silver-buckled belt from Annacat. *Centre*, a white flannel summer suit with a black pin-stripe from Eric Joy; black polo-neck jersey from Mr. Fish. *Far right*, a badger fur coat with a huge zip fastener, from Annacat. Yellow sweater, grey-and-white striped trousers, from Mr. Fish.





The Earl of Lichfield



# Don Jaime de Mesia







# The Viscount Gormanston

Don Jaime de Mesia Figuerola, far left, of Madrid, twenty-one-year-old son of the Duke of Tamames, is tall, handsome, lean, and mad about racing in all its forms—he rides an Andalusian thoroughbred or corners a racing-car with the same dash and skill. As a horseman, too tall for flat-racing, he is a keen steeplechase rider and an expert in the ballet-like precision of *haute école*, which he practises at his family's 500-year-old *finca* near Cordoba. Driving his Matra Prototype/600—shown with him here—he has chalked up four wins in Spanish Coast races, hopes to chalk up some in France in the near future. . . . Don Jaime's grey wool suit, with its eight-button jacket—long, narrow, elegant—is from Diego Ruiz, in Madrid; his pale-blue shirt by Felipe; tie and handkerchief by Hermès.

The Viscount Gormanston, left, is Jenico Nicholas Dudley Preston, seventeenth Viscount Gormanston and Premier Viscount of Ireland, shown here in his Dublin house, with its collection of geological specimens. At twenty-eight, he is a successful painter who will have his first American show next spring, at the Carl van der Voort gallery in San Francisco. He spends much of his time in London, where he is looking for a flat big enough to have a Bedouin tent pitched in it. . . . Lord Gormanston's pale-yellow, double-breasted suit is from Michael Rainey's shop in Chelsea; his high-collared shirt is from the Chelsea Antique Market.





## Lord Hesketh

Lord Hesketh (left) at seventeen is already an integral and amazing part of the London scene. His whole appearance changes everytime he comes under the influence of current events. *Bonnie and Clyde* knocked him clear into wide-shouldered coats, wide-bottomed trousers, correspondent shoes. But here, on the left, he's in less violent dress, looking more of a Victorian gentleman than a thirties gangster. He wears his striped trousers, frock coat, loose silken cravat with total ease. "Alexander's not just *influenced* by current events," said a friend, "*he is a current event.*"

The Sykes Brothers—Christopher (above, with Martha Laycock, standing, and Stella Astor) and Tatton (right, with Christopher and Stella) are two more of London's originals; as are the girls with them. Stella Astor goes to art school and already, at nineteen, is famous for giving brilliant impromptu parties. Martha Laycock, eighteen, has a grave air of innocence, manages to look "like next year's girl without even trying." The Sykeses are the sons of Sir Richard Sykes who lives in one of the most beautiful houses in England, Sledmere, in Yorkshire. Christopher, nineteen, has trained as a television director, is now working in photography. Tatton, twenty-three, is named after, well—his forebear—Tatton Sykes, of course, a famed and fearless rider to hounds. This new Tatton carries on a hunt of a different kind in research for his book, an evocative and nostalgic search for the built-over sites and grown-over ruins of *The Lost Houses of England*. The Sykes Brothers dress to suit their tastes and characters. Strange, gentle, they live in an enchanted world with a haphazard grace and a touch of fantasy.



A black and white photograph featuring three individuals. On the left, a person stands behind a dark wooden railing, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored, patterned blouse. In the center background, another person stands wearing a dark jacket over a light shirt and a dark belt. In the foreground on the right, a person is seated, wearing a dark, high-collared coat. The background includes a light-colored wall and a window with a grid pattern. The text 'Tatton Sykes' is printed in the upper right area.

Tatton Sykes

Christopher Sykes

Stella Astor





# Warren Beatty

Hero of the Hour in the  
Shirt of the Minute

Warren Beatty went over the top in the great Hollywood tradition of playing rat-fink guys on the platinum screen—an anti-hero girls love to hate—and they're doing that thing now over his performance in the grim, funny, completely absorbing movie, *Bonnie and Clyde*; he was both star and producer—Arthur Penn directed. (A. Penn, incidentally, is the only director he's worked with twice; the first time was *Mickey One*.) With the press, Beatty is hell-on-wheels and vibrant with savvy. Doesn't give an inch. An ex-football-player (ex by choice), he's too hung up now on writing his first movie script, *Natural State*, to spend a dandy amount of time on clothes, or at any rate fittings. Natural elegance, that's what this cat's got. And the great male aptitude for growing defensively attached to the clothes he owns. Tony Sinclair is his tailor in London. In New York and Los Angeles he picks up turtleneck shirts, wears them almost constantly. They're here to stay—the shirt that skips a tie but snaps up admiring eyes an exposed collarbone would never rate. Here and on the next pages: Warren Beatty in the rouleau that's changed the shirt front.





Left: Crisp broadcloth turtleneck shirt with back and side zip closing. DeVoss, Beverly Hills.  
This page: Silk Paisley-lined shirt of charcoal glove leather, side-buttoned. To order, in suede or leather at Elaine Starkman.





**Warren Beatty**  
Hero of the Hour  
in the Shirt  
of the Minute





Warren Beatty, the new man in the new snap of the shirt. Here, the sheen of white satin and silk crêpe for evening.

Opposite: The shirt that started it: Turnbull and Asser's turtle of silk satin, back-buttoned. To order at Turnbull and Asser, London, about \$36. In New York, High Gear has another version in acetate satin at \$25.

Top and bottom: The shirt that made Mr. Beatty feel more like Rhett Butler than Clyde Barrow. Turnbull and Asser's superb white silk crêpe shirt.

Right: White satin and black braid for evening in Patrick de Barentzen's side-closing shirt. To order: Bergdorf Goodman Men's Shop.







# A WEEKEND WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

At the Moulin de la Tuilerie, their captivating country house near Paris where the royal touch is on everything except the atmosphere. *Above:* The Duke and Duchess with one of their five pugs in the garden the Duke created. *Right:* In the evening, the Duchess with the Duke, who is in Royal Stewart tartan with dark-green velvet evening jacket, dark-green bow tie, and buckled shoes. It is only at the Moulin that the Duke wears kilts.







## II.R.II. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

The Duke of Windsor has never changed his way of dressing, and now the young men of England are swinging consciously or unconsciously into his ways. He has always had his own manner of putting things together, contrasting checks with stripes, bold colour with bolder colour, wearing trousers slightly flared at the bottom, wide lapels, all in a hundred combinations of improbable elegance throughout the years. Here, near right, in action is an example of the care and concentration which goes into the Duke's dressing. He orders his ties, from Hawes and Curtis in London, with a thick inner lining to make the knot appear fatter when tied. That may be the origin of the myth of the Windsor knot which the Duke does *not* wear. In both the photographs here, the Duke of Windsor is shown wearing a suit made from the Sutherland district check given to him by a member of the famous Sutherland family when he was Prince of Wales. The suit, by James and James, is pink-grey with blue, black, green overplaid. His shoes here and those buckled shoes on page 99, were made by Peal of London. Unique and zesty, the Duke of Windsor by retaining these qualities has through his incomparable elegance and grace influenced a whole generation born years after he left the throne of Great Britain. (Continued on page 102)









## II.R.II. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

The Duke of Windsor brings a superb and inimitable style to everything he does, and this style is nowhere more noticeable than in his manner of dressing, especially at the Moulin de la Tuilerie. As Prince of Wales, the trapped storybook man who captured a generation, he set himself standards of behaviour which few could achieve and none surpass. His standard of dressing matches his manners. They are easy, relaxed, natural, and the mark of a special gentleman.

He has always looked as most men would like to look, and although he has no secret recipes for achieving that look—no alchemist of a tailor, no guarded shirt-maker—the look remains solely his, as unique today as it was thirty years ago. His marvellous and joyous dash and daring, bred in a time of conventionality and severity in the thirties, has endeared him to the independent young men of now, who see in him one of the great enduring figures.

His appearance looks so supremely unstudied that one might be forgiven for thinking that it was the result of delicious chance and that the audacious mixture of check, and texture and pattern worked by happy accident rather than design. In fact, he designs his appearance to the last inch.

Part of his legendary quality comes from the fact that throughout the years he looks so unchanged. The profile is the same as when he was King Edward VIII. The hairline is the same and so is the sadness underlying the charm, but there is always an element of surprise in his appearance, a freshness. He can look in a twenty-year-old suit as though he invented it that morning.

*Sometimes he has the jackets of his suits cut in Savile Row, but the trousers cut in New York because he likes a different cut for each—the combination is his signature. So is the combination on the near right, worn for golf. It is a rash and totally successful mixing of patterns, checks, and materials.*

*On the far right, one of his closets in his mirrored dressing room; the kilts include Royal Stewart, Hunting Stewart, Dress Stewart, all made at Oban in the West of Scotland.*















# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Viet Nam, and especially the new book *Beyond Viet Nam: The United States and Asia* by Edwin O. Reischauer, the U.S. Ambassador to Japan from 1961 to 1966, who believes that a "slow simmering down of the war" may help end it even if not in time for the 1968 election; his chief purpose, not Viet Nam now but a sounder, new U.S. foreign policy towards all Asia. . . . The authority, the spun-glass magic of Marlene Dietrich in her one-woman show in New York, talking her songs which range from a Pete Seeger to "The Laziest Gal in Town," singing in English, French, Hebrew, German, Australian, and always extravagantly beautiful.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *North Toward Home*, a superbly candid autobiography by Willie Morris who was born thirty-two years ago in Yazoo City, Mississippi, and grew up there, remembering the absurdities and the marvels of being a Mississippi boy in the early fifties, seeing now with a kind of super-sight the mindless affection and the heedless cruelty by the citizenry towards the Yazoo Negroes, the whites and blacks living with a "crazy pent-up destructiveness" that led two white boys in Morris's school to kill their mothers, and a third to kill his grandmother.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Rory McEwen sculptures in glass and Perspex now at the Byron Gallery in New York. . . . Sarah Caldwell's surprising production of Alban Berg's opera *Lulu*, with fragments of movies, coloured slides, tricks of light. . . . The anti-war clichés, the comic neo-realism that is not realism in the new movie *How I Won The War*, directed by Richard Lester, bald-headed and woolly-minded, with one star, John Lennon, delicate and shaved.

**JOHN VLIET LINDSAY** is the happy Mayor of the city of New York, with a bubble of gaiety rising uncontrollably in spite of his discovery that just keeping alive is an heroic accomplishment under the crisscross of his pressures. Those pressures have not only aged his brilliant smile but brought him to national notice. During the hot summer when other mayors had catastrophic riots, Lindsay, who had worked hard to avoid them, had only a couple of contained disasters. The people there saw him in a white shirt with its sleeves rolled up, tieless, sympathetic, a man who obviously cared even if he and his administration could do little about the rats which outnumbered the voters. He dampened down the ferment. He treated the city, not as a megalopolis but as many small towns. He treats the rich the same way, but then he dresses in white tie, looks especially handsome and winning, the attractive portrait of a Yale alumnus, younger than his years. Kids in the park see him riding a bicycle, throwing a football, tall, manly, effective. His major weakness lies in his dealings with labour. Then he is stern, harassed, tired, letting matters get out of hand for both sides, desperately settling without credit or warmth. His strengths, however, rest in the acuteness of his appointments to office, in his pervasive presence, in his liking for experiment. He has a young man's liking for taking a chance. He speaks up for the unpopular and he absorbs an extreme amount of punishment. Without more help from the state and the Federal governments John Lindsay can not solve the city's problems, which in his innocence two years ago he promised to. At least he has not stuck bunco salve on them. By now the country has seen him, if only on television, as a gutsy, handsome young man, avid for responsibilities which may include, as some political clairvoyants believe, the Republican nomination for President in 1972.



# Masculin

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

Societies of the past have admired different personifications of the manly virtues: the warrior, the patriarch, the sage; the lover and the seducer; Zeus the Thunderer and Jehovah the Lawgiver.

In America, masculinity is associated primarily with the outdoors, and with such certain outdoor trades as cattle driving, railroading, whaling, trucking. The outdoor type is presumed to possess masculine character traits: toughness, resourcefulness, love of being alone, fraternity with animals, attractiveness to women and the urge to abandon them. To the man of the open spaces is also attributed the ultimate mark of manliness, the readiness to die.

From the outdoors America derives the boots and saddle, lumber jackets and shirts, sailors' caps, pipes, and guns that are its paraphernalia of masculinity. Oddly enough, in the United States, military and police uniforms do not confer masculinity, as they do among Cossacks and Hussars. One can as readily imagine women in our army uniforms as men. To prove that he was all man, General Patton had to augment his costume with a pearl-handled revolver. (It is true, however, that he wrote poetry and may have felt the need to overcome this handicap.)

As to hair, masculinity is ambivalent. Long hair belongs to the style of frontier scouts and trappers, the most male of men. Yet "longhairs" is the name applied to intellectuals, a breed always suspected of sexual inauthenticity. Beards used to be material evidence of maleness; today they are as frequently an appurtenance of masquerade.

In the last century the outdoors represented genuine hazards. It took self-reliance, identifiable with masculinity (though the pioneer mother had it, too), to venture very far from the farm or town.

Today there are still risky occupations—piloting spaceships, handling nuclear substances—but these trades have become increasingly technical and depersonalized. As for the rugged outdoors, it is used chiefly for sports. A vacation at a ranch, a ski lodge, or shooting lions in Kenya is about as hazardous as a trip to the Riviera.

The outdoors, representing hostile nature, has been transformed into a stage set. Masculinity in the American sense has thus lost its locale and, perhaps, its reason for being. On the neon-lighted lonesome prairie, masculinity is a matter of certain traditional costume details: the cowboy hat, jeans, and guitar. It has become clear that the traditional traits of the man's man (and the ladies' man) can be put on, too. One *plays* manliness,

with or without dark goggles.

Big-game hunters, mountain climbers, horsemen, and other representative male types are actors in a charade of nostalgia. Old masculine pursuits, like baseball or wrestling, when carried on at night under the glare of electric bulbs come to resemble spectacles on television and wind up in the living room. In the epoch of the picture window, outdoors and indoors have lost their separateness.

In modern mass societies the uniforms of all kinds of cults compete with one another. Masculinity is one of these cults, and to create an impression the practitioner of maleness must stand out in a crowd. Persons with other interests are not disposed to make an issue of it. Psychiatrists and sociologists complain that boys and girls today look alike and are often mistaken for each other. Even tough adolescents, like members of big-city gangs, don't mind if their girls wear the same shirts and jeans as the men. They are more concerned with identifying themselves as outsiders than as males and females.

Masculinity today is thus largely a myth. A ten-gallon hat still seems to bestow upon its wearer the old male attributes of taciturnity, resourcefulness, courage, and love of solitude. At the same time, the virility of the cowboy and the truck driver, like that of the iceman of yesterday, is a joke that everyone sees through.

A person uncertain of his sexual identity dresses up in boots, bandanna, and riding breeches not so much to fool the public as to parade his ambiguity. Those who have gone over the line may advertise their desires for male company by wearing a beard in addition to sheepskins. Women can be masculine too, of course, in the degree necessary to make them irresistible to feminine men.

Hemingway, who constantly kept the issue of masculinity alive in his writings, flaunted both the look of the outdoor man and his presumed character qualities of daring, self-detachment, contempt for the over-civilized, and eagerness to court death.

Hemingway's he-man performance was, among other things, a means of combatting the American stereotype of the writer as a sissy. In the United States, the artist and man of ideas has always lived under the threat of having his masculinity impugned. Richard Hofstadter in his *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* lists a dozen instances in which the "stigma of effeminacy" was imposed upon intellectuals by political bullies, ranging from Tammany Hall leaders in the nineteenth century, who attacked reform-



# ity: real and put on

ers as "political hermaphrodites," to Communist Party hacks in the thirties, who denounced independent writers as "scented whores." Evidently, it has always been possible to convince the common man that his intellectual superiors fall short of him in manliness.

To the overhanging charge of being contaminated by a lady-like occupation, Hemingway responded by injecting the romance of masculinity into the making of literature. At least as far as he was concerned, the sexual legitimacy of the male writer was to be put beyond question. Besides lining up with traditional outdoor types, like bullfighters and deep-sea fishermen, Hemingway's strategy included identification with the new activist male image of the Depression decade: the leather-jacketed revolutionist allied with the peasant and factory worker.

Unfortunately, demonstrating his own manhood was not enough for Hemingway. He found it necessary to challenge the masculinity of other writers. Like Theodore Roosevelt earlier in the century, he became an instance of the intellectual who slanders intellectuals, generally in the hope of putting himself right with the regular guys. During the Spanish Civil War he forgot himself to the extent of sneering publicly at Leon Trotsky for remaining at his typewriter in Mexico, implying that the former chief of the Red Army lacked the manliness to go to Spain and fight. He, himself, of course, went to Spain to write. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* he identified himself with the dynamiter Jordan who also shook the earth by his love feats in a sleeping bag.

Thirty years ago not all of Hemingway's contemporaries were convinced that he had established his masculinity through displaying an appetite for violence, sex, and death. In *no thanks*, E.E. Cummings translated Hemingway's romance of maleness back into the daydreams of boyhood:

"what does little Ernest croon  
in his death at afternoon?  
(kow dow r 2 bul retoinis  
wus de woids uf lil Oinis"

To Cummings, Hemingway's heroics were not only childish ("lil Oinis") but feminine ("kow dow r").

The post-Hemingway he-man has laboured under the handicap of a masculinity that is generally recognized to be a masquerade. The rôle of the lone adventurer has disintegrated through too much duplication into the tongue-in-cheek élan of James Bond. Neither at work nor at home is maleness any longer endowed with glamour or privilege. The cosmonaut is less a birdman than a specialist minding his signals and dials. The

father as a member of a diapering partnership with his wife has nothing in common with the patriarch. To the public of Norman Mailer (more male?) the outdoor rig (Mailer wears a sea captain's cap on the jacket of *Advertisements for Myself*) and chronicles of supersex are suspect, both psychologically and as playing to the gallery. It is no secret that a Bogartean toughness with women may represent the opposite of male self-confidence.

The mass media exploit the ambiguity of the male rôle and the new sexual sophistication that goes with the increasing awareness of it. In male comedy teams, one of the partners almost invariably plays the "wife," confident that the audience will know when to smirk. Analysts of mass culture speak of the decline of the American male and of the "masculinity crisis" as topics capable of arousing libidinous responses. The public is given the image of luscious females starving in vain for the attention of men, and of men who, egged on and deprived by frigid seductresses, end by falling into each other's arms.

Masculinity-building is urged, a theme which the media are not slow to adapt for their own purposes. Masculinity is the alfalfa peddled in Marlboro Country. It is the essence of worn leather laced with campfire smoke that provides the aroma of the man of distinction. It also comes in powder form, none genuine without the Shaggy Dog on the wrapping.

To those who resent the fact that their pretension to masculinity is not taken seriously one means is available for gaining respect: violence. The victim of rape is not inclined to question the virility of her assailant.

The relation between violence and masculinity that has been challenged reveals itself most clearly in the recent history of the Civil Rights movement. The Negro has derived from white America the lesson that physical force is the mark of manhood. White society is "the Man," whose insignia of power are the club, the whip, the pair of bloodhounds.

The presence of the Man impeaches the masculinity of the young Negro and demands that he prove himself. He becomes full grown when he resolves to fight the Man. To confront the Man the Negro militant has resurrected the figure of the radical activist of the 'thirties, the model of Hemingway's he-man, honour-bound to risk his life in physical combat.

A recent article in *The New York Times Magazine* on the Black Panthers, an armed Negro self-defense group on the West Coast, is illustrated by photographs of its two (Continued on page 159)







Cocteau classed Isadora Duncan with Sarah Bernhardt, Mounet-Sully, and the now forgotten De Max as one of those excessives, the brand of genius whose slogan should be "A little too much is just enough for me." She came from San Francisco with an immense belief in herself and an almost absolute lack of talent, and made herself a world-wide reputation as a revolutionary innovator in dance. Her grace of movement made up for her lack of stage technique, and while Balanchine thought her unbelievably bad, Fokine and Frederick Ashton found something admirable and inspiring in what she tried to do. Off the stage she talked pretentious rubbish about the Greek spirit and Attic simplicity, took and discarded lovers with an unusual freedom, and showed an almost Hungarian talent for getting other people to pay the bills she loved to run up at expensive hotels and restaurants. At her peak from 1900 to 1913 her stride was then broken by the accidental drowning of her children, Deirdre and Patrick, in Paris; thereafter she let a tendency to put on weight get out of hand and began to drink. Her marriage to the Russian poet Yesenin in 1922 was a comic disaster, and she went downhill rapidly from then until 1927, when she was killed while out driving with a handsome young garage mechanic with whom she was having an affair. But by then she had done her work. Her genius had disintegrated the professional tradition in the dance, and she had initiated, with her barefooted galumphings, the carnival of amateurism which still goes on. BY ANTHONY WEST



## Vanessa Redgrave takes on Isadora

1967 is the remarkable Vanessa's greatest year in movies. First she took on Queen Guenevere in *Camelot*, which was followed quickly by the rôle of a Victorian lady lady in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and now the rôle of Isadora Duncan, the American dancer who is almost entirely mythical, in *Isadora*. There the unique Redgrave head-on beauty masters years of legend. For these four pages of *Isadora* as Vanessa, she posed especially for *Vogue*.





Vanessa Redgrave **takes on Isadora**













# Pretty is the word for cotton

Somewhere the sun is shining, and wherever that happens to be—Acapulco, Palm Beach, Marbella—you name it: cotton is king. The prettiest cottons you've ever clapped eyes on: Romantically pretty. Witty-pretty. Just plain pretty-pretty, with that special cotton freshness that's obviously born in the boll. Blooming day and evening where the heat's on now . . . coming North in good time.

Picnic sur l'herbe, left: Mrs. Wyatt Cooper in the most pristine of long white cotton dresses, buttoned all the way up to the throat and fretted with lace ruffles . . . clean as country air. By and at Jax; about \$80. The white tablecloth, of Belgian linen and lace, is from Altman's.

Unruffled in ruffles, above: an enchanting bikini dress of red-and-white cotton dotted Swiss, worn by Mrs. Cooper who, as Gloria Vanderbilt, will follow her successful exhibition of paintings at New York's Hammer Galleries with another one-woman show this spring. The dress—with a huge ruffly circle of shawl covering the tiniest strip of bandeau, and a long full skirt floating down to a deep double dust ruffle—by Anne Fogarty, of William Lind cotton; about \$100. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson. The coiffures on both pages, by Miss Duval of the Kenneth Salon.

**GLORIA VANDERBILT COOPER**





*CHARLOTTE FORD NARCHIOS*

*ANNE FORD UZIELLI*



## Pretty is the word for cotton

Every kind of stripe, left, every kind of belting—every kind of fashion prettiness is present in this year's crop of cotton.... Standing up in a round of Roman stripes, Charlotte Niarchos in a multi-coloured cotton coadress of yellow, gold, navy, white, light blue, and two shades of green. The raised waist is held by a brass-buckled belt, and the full skirt is good and short. By Chester Weinberg of Sheraton-TSM cotton; about \$145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus.... Meanwhile, down on the sand... Anne Uzielli, all tied up in a vertically striped voile mini-robe—green, turquoise, brown, orange, yellow with white piqué collar and cuffs. Underneath, the meagrest of bikinis—triangles of white cotton piqué held on by golden rings against golden skin. From Oscar de La Renta Boutique; Fisba cotton stripes. Robe, about \$45. Bikini, about \$25. Both: Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; J. W. Robinson. Gather ye dahlias, right—and lots of little white dresses like the one Anne Uzielli wears here, with brimming leghorn and bare brown legs: puckery cotton gathered to the waist by a self-sash and sleeved like a tiny kimono. B. H. Wragge, Sheraton-TSM fabric; about \$95. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Halston ribbon-tied hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Both pages: Ara Gallant coiffures.





Pretty is the word for **cotton**



... and Edwardian is the word for all the cotton-pretty here: Throatbands and wristbands. Big blowy sleeves and bloomers pouffed above the knee. Tucks and ruffles and inlays of lace—everything to make a girl feel fragile and adored. Above, bloomer girl all tucked up in white Swiss cotton—and a white cotton parasol. Right, under the shade of a floppy white-straw cartwheel—orange blossoms on the Penelope Tree, and an orange sash ties the printed cotton shirt to matching bloomers. Both shirt-and-bloomer turnouts are from Jax; each about \$150. Parasol: from Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop. Mr. John hat. Coiffures by Lupe.

## *PENELOPE TREE*









*PENÉLOPE TREE*





## Pretty is the word for **cotton**

It must be Eden, left: there's the serpent, there's the apple, and there's Penelope—the yum-yum Tree—in a chopped white cotton jumpsuit with silver threads swirling through. And a zip-closing. And a throatband. And a belt. And enormous pockets . . . all the new, pretty things. By Malcolm Starr, of Verron fabric woven with Lurex threads; about \$110. End of November at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Cassandra Hughes earrings. And in this other Eden, the serpent turns out to be a jewelled rope by K. J. L. Dream shirt, above, like an Edwardian's, in sprigged white cotton with lace-frilled bands at the throat and wrists, and a crushy white sash holding it close above a puff of matching mini. By Gregory, of Soptra cotton; shirt and skirt about \$20 each. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Mr. John white linen hat. This little cotton goes out to play, right: a romp of bright pumpkin scalloped around the hem. Sashed in ripe-red grosgrain and red-buttoned—but not too far to eclipse the tiny matching shorts underneath. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner: Sheraton-TSM cotton. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Penelope Tree's coiffures, both pages: Lupe.








## Pretty is the word for cotton

Stripes, above—all varieties: a long bare stripe of Penelope between the cotton-knit kind—chopped pull and hip-pants of red, white, and blue. Both by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, in Alamac knit. \$35. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Print, below: buttons to the waist, a tie, gathers—a sprig of a dress, mostly green, with blushes of pink and red, dash of black and white. By Rona; Sheraton-TSM cotton. About \$50. Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Caftan, near right, with silvery beads placed like a Moroccan bride's necklace on a high-belted flush of pink cotton jacquard. By Perfect Negligee; Sheraton-TSM cotton. December: Saks Fifth Avenue. Richard Palen earrings. K.J.L. trickle of jewels on the ankle.







Ring around the middle,  
left, bareness at the sides,  
and an open back grasped  
with one top button—  
white piqué cut out to  
make a big thing of a lit-  
tle tan. Jeanne Campbell  
for Sportwhirl; Seltzer &  
Diamond cotton. About  
\$20. Available end of  
December at Saks Fifth  
Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.  
White in high places,  
right, one wide band  
struck cleanly through an  
A of navy. Kasper for  
Joan Leslie; Rubin Le-  
vine cotton. About \$55.  
Lord & Taylor; Dayton's;  
Neiman-Marcus; Joseph  
Magnin. Mr. John hat.  
Both coiffures: Lupe.

*PENELOPE TREE*



# GIFT

Here it comes again: the moment when you have to decide whether you're blasé ("you're deep, you're like a chasm") . . . OR zing go the jingle bells of your heart and you're off to find presents for everyone. . . . Anyone still wavering might try—for sound—Baccarat's enchanting crystal dinner bell, 5½" tall, about \$20.

**SOUND**, in fact, may well be the present of the year. Taking it from the top, give a vast check for a made-to-order hi-fi, TV, et cetera designed and installed to suit the giftee's every whim, with all problems of cabinets and décor solved along the way. The man to call is Alfred W. Matthews, 2751 Holland Ave., New York; and if you have a heart as big as stereo, be sure to make that check cover sound for the country house, too. . . . Hip Pocket records—3⅞" across—are about to be the biggest news around. Cost 69c each; can be played on a 6-transistor Mini Radio-Phono, \$25. One way or another it also plays 45s and LPs. Write Philco-Ford Corporation, Dept. HP-10, Tioga and C Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134 for details on your nearest shopping point. . . . For a writer, a woman, or anyone who wants a tiny tape recorder, consider Nor-elco's Carry-Corder. Works on batteries, can be played back through hi-fi systems, weighs a bantam 3 lbs. \$89. . . . Man or boy with a nice talent and 25 hours or so to spare could be intensely diverted by a Heathkit containing all the works to let him build his own colour TV. 180 square inches, \$369, but think—if you're his wife or mother—of the long cosy read you'll have while he takes out his aggressions on all that darling circuitry. . . . Flash from RCA: there's a new 3-Track Tape Cartridge Player that can be played at home, popped into a bookshelf, connected with amplifiers, et cetera, and come out as stereo. About \$70. . . . Flash from Symphonic: the Minni TV, about the size of a

quart of milk with 3" screen. Powered by battery; about \$150 at Liberty and other shops on the same wave-length. . . . Teen-agers—now there's a word with a universal sound!—respond right now to records by The Cream, The Monkees, the Procol Harum, The Bee Gees, The Beach Boys, but if you're feeling the generation gap, why not a fat check payable to a giant record shop? . . . In another part of the forest, some gentler diversions: the None-such record "Louis III Roi de France"—his own ballets and chansons including the famous "Merlaison" in which the King himself danced "democratically costumed as a farmer" and the falcons (presumably hippie falcons) wore tiny bells. . . . Carl Orff's *Catulli Carmina*—fraught with all those passions and performed by The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, and The Temple University Choirs. Columbia, stereo or mono \$5.79. (Good idea for someone who already has the earlier Carl Orff *Catulli Carmina*, less structured and much more turbulent with the whole *odi et amo* riptide.) . . . Richard Burton reads *The Rape of Lucrece* on Caedmon discs, with Dame Edith Evans and Sir Donald Wolfit adding a few sonnets; about \$12. The same talkie label has Burton reading the love poems of John Donne for a paltry \$5.95. And we mean Richard Burton! . . . *All* the Mahler symphonies conducted by Leonard Bernstein; \$100 on Columbia's label. . . . Sounds of Lenin. Trotsky, and friends recorded as *The Russian Revolution*, a CBS Legacy Collection complete with illustrated book; \$12.50. . . . Refreshing, supple and unexpected music to soothe and divert the ear: "Voices of the Middle Ages" recorded by the Capella Antiqua in Munich's Gothic Cathedral. Some Latin, some German, all translated, and we find irresistible the rejoicing words, "let all the faithful/multitude be glad/with hymns and instruments/with dancers to praise him." Instruments include the sackbut, an early narrow-bore trombone, and the crum-

horn "sounding rather like an oboe under a blanket." If all that's too pure, how about some records to cheer pops, really grandpops, after Christmas dinner's over and he can't stand playing with those new trains *any more*. We've got 'em: "Those Wonderful Girls of Stage, Screen & Radio—Original Recordings of the 30's"—Lee Wiley tremendous in a never-before-released recording of "You've Got Me Crying Again" with Tommy Dorsey's trombone in the background. Ruth Etting does *not* do "Ten Cents a Dance," but Mae West renders—that's the word, renders—"(*I Wonder Where My*) Easy Rider's Gone." Epic is the label, and there's a companion pair of platters on Wonderful Guys; we liked Ben Bernie woofing along with "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" but our husbands implied that was a weakness of intellect—what can you say about a man who digs Russ Columbo? **FOR THE ORNAMENTAL WOMAN:** "An armful of real gold Indian bracelets . . . all my jewellery regilded . . . a Turkish belt, antique and real gold"—that's what one golden girl we know would like. Another craves scarlet shoelaces for black and white tennis shoes *and* an Hermès vicuña blanket, furry and fluffy on one side, woven fabric on the other; \$850 at Bonwit Teller. Miniluxe by Hermès: a horoscope silk scarf, all the signs of the zodiac in gold, white, and black; \$25. . . . Safari clothes, great for deep country or upland game shooting even if Africa is not in your horoscope, can be had from Hunting World, 247 East 50th Street, New York. Long-sleeved bush-jacket of Kalahari cloth, sand or taupe-green, \$17.50; matching culotte skirt, \$27.50. Real Hemingway stuff: the safari hat of gazelle-brown felt with silk band, \$25. . . . Languid types may prefer an absolutely ravishing bed jacket bundled up with a marvellous pillow, a good reading lamp, and a stack of hard-to-find mysteries. . . . A real show-biz makeup mirror rimmed with flattering pink-light bulbs. . . . And while those lights are shin-



# ideas

peanuts-to-emeralds price-tags

ing try a golden fish comb—complete with head, tail, spine and many vertebrae (vertebrae?), \$5 at Bendel's. . . . Shawls, preferably small engaging shawls, suddenly rate ravings and cravings. Try off-beat antique shops for old Paisleys, and for heaven's sake, fill up the box with patchouli from Mary Chess or Caswell-Massey. Contemporary shawls, delicious when the edges are ruffled, seem not to grow on trees, but you might haunt the scarf counters and boutiques. . . . Pucci-printed bath towels, \$10 each at Macy's, have all the banner brio, and a sassy young thing we know wants two—to make a beach dress. . . . Name any girl you know, and she probably has a chain belt—so why not a gilt chain belt from one of those East Indian shops where they're apt to end in gilt tassels with faintly tinkling bells in their hearts. . . . Far more splendid: a silver concho belt made by the Navajo; about \$75 and more. Thunderbird Shop in Santa Fe or the Navajo Guild, Window Rock, Arizona. . . . After animal jewellery, why not animal buttons? Endearing frogs and owlets' faces at Old Buttons Inc., 510 Madison Ave., New York. . . . From the Brooklyn Museum: silver hair pins with bells; made in India; \$1.50 each, ppd. Also strange Berber jewellery, one-of-a-kind things from Africa; from \$18 to \$40. And an Eskimo calendar—prints with somewhat the same quality as Eskimo sculpture. It's bilingual—French and English. \$4.25 ppd. . . . The sultan's favourite would-be terribly ornamental on the home scene in a *choga*—an Indian sort of caftan with a neckline that can plunge to bikini level; a tiny gold chain tells it where to stop. Heavenly printed silks, about \$110 at Sona The Golden One, 11 East 55th Street, New York. . . . Sable is dandy, but failing that, a Man Who Cares can still give an amusing fur coat—say belted marmot with the Mao look; or rabbit that's been ribbed like corduroy. If he Really Cares, we happen to know one woman who'd like two she describes as

“extras.” . . . And speaking of extras, how about a mile of fake eyelashes by Mary Quant? . . . We'd bat them all at someone who gave us a pair of hoop earrings, classic with antelope heads—these copied beautifully and exactly by Bergidis from realms-of-gold originals worn in Greece in the fourth-century B.C. About \$200—not more—at the Byron Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., New York or the Court Jeweller, Kelaidis in Athens. Rings with the same dazzling past (one, a coiled serpent) are \$100 to \$150; bracelets, \$400 to \$600 with finials of ram or antelope faces, all in 22-k. gold. . . .

## LIVING IT UP AT HOME AND THEREABOUTS:

A woman living in the country with smallish children would have more time to do just that if an understanding aunt, parent, or godparent paid someone to drive the children to and from school. . . . Small tables, we're told, are absolutely maddening to locate—we found an 18" plastic cube table at Laverne International, Ltd., to order through a decorator. \$195. The greatest small *folding* tables: square, white, gate-legged; \$90 each. At I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller. . . . Thinking bigger, there's a smashing 7' long Parsons bar table in red lacquer; through decorators. . . . With all those tables, what follows? Guests, of course. If they're staying the night, give them that treetops-on-safari feeling by putting out huge bath towels showing the faces of kindly leopards and flowers—Hermès, wouldn't you know, and \$35 each at Bonwit Teller. You *could* give these towels to someone who lives under a roof other than yours, but one does hate to see a leopard leave the house. . . . Practical and delicious: pots of good healthy, already flourishing herbs and a snappy pair of scissors for clipping same. . . . Even more basic: a cherry pitter for a hostess who serves up fruited desserts. Somebody—and we think it was Craig Claiborne—recommends a combo of fat black cherries with white grapes, blueberries, peaches, whatever, and *definitely* orange slices;

add a whole cup of confectioner's sugar and chill. Then a whole cup of Grand Marnier or another boisson of your choice. . . . A stone crock of Stilton cheese; great if you order it instantly from Fortnum & Mason, 181 Piccadilly, London W.1., but your local all-cheeses-for-all-people place should have some on hand. . . . Two big and handsome casseroles—we rather like the French ones, iron with fire-glow baked enamel; point is, they must be alike, and try to throw in the proper trivets and serving things. . . . Out of the kitchen and down to the pool where it would be a joy to find a sail-worthy replica of a 6-metre class boat, adaptable for radio control; 6' tall, \$183 at Polk's Hobbies, 314 Fifth Ave., New York. . . . A copper beech tree, the biggest likely to weather transplanting. . . . Any or all gardening instruments by Wilkinson—they of the sword-blade razor. . . . For house plants, a polite and efficient little rake, trowel, and shovel 7¼" high; Hoffritz puts them all together for \$6.50. . . . Mad for olive groves? Start indoors with a sweet olive tree for \$35, 4' high. No olives, but the subtlety of the leaves is divine, and the source to order from is Roehrs, 375 Wallington Borough, New Jersey. . . . For takes-a-heap-o'livin' friends, a share in a purebred Arab horse; the small beauties are the Kuhailân. . . . More bookish than horsey: a revolving bookcase, rectangular or circular, Georgian if possible, that moves on gentle wheels from room to room. . . . And if the book problem is close to panic button, send for Colette Harrison, 1160 Third Ave., New York, who will study your library, solve all problems of décor and architecture, care for, catalogue, and even pack and unpack books. \$10 an hour with a minimum of \$250—that's a week's worth. . . . With all that expertise, the recipient could make room for two volumes of *Afrique Noire: La Création Plastique* by Michel Leiris and Jacqueline Delange: Gallimard, Paris; \$25 in English at Riz- (Continued on next page)



## more GIFT ideas

zoli, 712 Fifth Ave., New York. . . . Lagards who never make it to a good picture framer would be cheered and motivated by a nice lot of credit with some such establishment. . . . Money isn't the object, but it's one way to give The Woman You Love a room redone by her favourite decorator. . . . Or a painted floor—not *just* painted but patterned with primroses, ferns, and wild flowers; or painted like tiles which could make every closet in the house look like a Dutch stove or an old Swedish tea table. Call Bishop & Lord in New York, TN 7-8364. And be prepared for emeralds. . . . After that, you might settle down and ask your butcher—we hope he's French and charming like ours—to suggest some thoroughly sound carving knives for your husband. Or does he carve? . . . Okay, then a steel tennis racquet—terrific and very hard to get; place orders with Stephen Feron, 55 East 41th Street, New York—\$52.50 with Victor Imperial gut; or Herman's Sports Goods, 135 West 42nd Street, New York—\$50 with gut or \$40 with nylon. . . . Tennis nobody? Boats it is. A man's own sailing craft can be duplicated to order as a weather vane, or, he can have right away a three-masted Spanish barque in wood and metal, for \$350 at Captain's Quarters, 967 Madison Ave., New York, where other marine involvements abound. . . . If there's no wind, there's always bridge; vermeil score pads at Tiffany, \$18.75 each. . . . Sun over the yardarm? Time for sea-blue tumblers, smallish, with the evil-eye symbol intaglio-d; \$3.50 each at Greek Islands, 215 East 49th Street, New York. . . . The very best pistachio nuts, unreddened and sensational, come superbly packed (\$4 for 2 lbs.) from the Ross Nut Co., 737 South Western Ave., Chicago. . . . Raclette is the name of a small Swiss table stove we've concluded is a matter of *convenance* generating more than its own small mechanical warmth. Fondue is its mission—beef with divers sauces; or cheese that answers to the name *bagne* or *fromage à la raclette*. Great for a small dinner party; an absolute save for a holiday weekend when the house is stacked to the rafters with semi-civilized young and Aged Parents over thirty. Ask for raclette

stove, about \$35 to \$40, at Cheese Unlimited, 1263 Lexington Ave., or Cheese of All Nations, 153 Chambers Street, both in New York. . . . A greenhouse 16" deep to rest on the sill of any window where the morning sun shines. About \$90 to \$125 plus shipping costs, and they can be made to order if your window is a bit odd. Lord & Burnham, Irvington, New York. . . . A peacock to live on a Christmas tree, or a bell, a snowflake-star, a mobile; any or all of these made in Switzerland of hand-blown glass. At Boutique Margot, 26 West 54th Street, New York. . . . A small shop with the festive name of Bowl & Board specializes in apparently endless variations of butcher's blocks and boards. Working hand-in-glove with a nearby carpenter, they will create and install any size or shape you like. The address is 11 St. Mark's Place, New York, and while you're there, have a look at their pale-clay coloured crocks, small to big enough for an indoor tree. . . . Plans for slimming after the holidays? Give your husband a course in super-cooking—which means he'll do a lot of super-eating at school one night a week while you gallantly fast. James Beard is the mentor and classes are held in his own kitchen, 119 West 10th Street, New York. (The man may turn into a critic or a viper in your own kitchen, of course, but there's a ying for every yang.) . . . Fill every open loop in your own *vino* rack with the glorious wines of '64, still

modestly priced in spite of their greatness. Then send a merry measure of same to your friends. (And by the way, keep an eye on the vintage of '67—sublime is the word.) . . . Della Robbia, we've always felt, is a lovely look for a wreath, and twentieth-century versions of California redwood greenery plump with pine cones, lotus pods, apples, lemons, jacaranda, and more. 20" wreath, \$8.95; 30", \$15.95. Order from Boys Republic, Chino, California 91710.

**THE WILD LIFE:** Constant small visitor at our house wants a baby Rin Tin Tin he can call "Schnitzel." . . . Little does he know the In-pet of the year is a monkey—ringtail, \$55; squirrel, \$25; woolly, \$125. . . . For friends with a nice piece of land in the country, a pair of white peacocks, \$150 to \$200. . . . Or a pair of black swans for the pond, \$350. . . . Infant camels are very In at \$2500 each, and that much land we can't explain. . . . Mums and pops faced with "the empty nest"—a tagline we thought was old when *we* were in the nest—display unwonted enthusiasm for baby chimps, house-trained in the best Spock tradition, and only \$650 or so. . . . Those parents also serve who only stand and wait, and among that group there's one who wants a talking raven, \$35 as they are not much in demand reports Trefflich of the pet store of the same name, 144 Liberty Street, New York. His book, *Jungle for Sale*, written (Continued on page 157)

## The end-all pantie stocking

You've seen something of the sort before: the little girdle-y top that holds you in a bit and holds up all the legginess. The difference is: what you can't see—around the legs, a hidden row of tiny hooks; around the top of the hip-long stockings, a row of tiny eyelets. Hooks go into eyes. Everything out of sight. And up tight—no bags at the knees, no wrinkles at the ankles. Most of all, no traumas when you tear a pair—there are more eyelet-topped stockings where these came from; more matching girdle-y tops to hold them up; and lots of different colours. What's more, the stockings are adjustable—with rows of eyelets at varying levels for varying lengths of leg. No doubt about it: the pantie stocking to end all pantie stockings. Round-the-Clock's invention, with a Ban-Lon pantie of nylon and Lycra. About \$10. At Bloomingdale's; Higbee; J. W. Robinson.









watch-bossed bucklers

There's never been a time like this for accessories. Play it for all it's worth—easy as I, II, III. With new moves, new watches every minute. Bright, bright colours—any number can be played. Imagination is wild. Tick. Click. Win. And have the best time. As Twiggy does on these ten, and timely, pages. The jumping-off point—here, there, and everywhere in fashion this year—a cropped jumpsuit, this time in bright red wool. Wrist bucklers, left, bossed by sapphire-blue and emerald-green watches—shielding the cuffs of short red gloves. Both watches by Crocker. Nylon gloves circled in vinyl, by Hansen. Double time, right: two white-gold watches—hung up on bow-fluttered yards of green chain. Round and oval watches by Piaget; chain by Bruce Rudow. For more information, see page 168.

# WHAT MAKES FASHION TICK...

accessories to watch: watches, chains, shoulder-bags, bucklers, thongs, rings, jumpsuits, every colour, every time—winding up on Twiggy





two-timing chain





high time for bangles, chains,  
and bunches of mink tails





thongs strapped to time

Big chief for big times: Twiggy's Indian-summer kick ticked off in new ways. . . . Bangles, left: Sant' Angelo's bangle-harnessed mini-dress armed with lots of his bright plastic bangles and an Omega watch. At the waist, three rows of gilt links by Saint Laurent for Colony. And a Rolex watch tacks down a trophy of mink tails by Hausfeld. Leather handstraps, above, with brass grommets, by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. Strapped to the strap, a gold Bueche Girod watch; plastic rings: Sant' Angelo. In dress circles, right: gold watches by Movado; Girard Perregaux; Glycine; and International of Schaffhausen. In the usual place, a marvelous thin, round Patek Philippe watch on an unusual loose-fitting brass-bit strap by Sant' Angelo; at the ears, his red-dome plastic earrings.



the timeliest circles



great wrist movement

round-ups, hang-ups...  
chains and bags



Hang it all, above left: Twiggy gilt-chained from head to hip by Monet, Richard Monceau; two shoulder bags—one beige, one brown—by Lucille de Paris; gilt-link belt by Saint Laurent for Colony; golden mesh belt by Bruce Rudow; golden bracelets by Smith St. Jacques; Flemming black-and-gilt earrings. Thongs, below left: black sequin ones by Hansen watched over by a timepiece by Baume & Mercier, Genève. Pink sequin thongs: Maxine Clement for Maximilia, tethered to an oblong gold watch by Juvenia. Round and round, above, goes a watch by Vacheron Constantin weaving in and out of a brassy bracelet by Oster for Paraphernalia; ring-around Vuitton-brown canvas satchel by Louis Vuitton. All-time great, above, in gold by

timely thongs







well-briefed gloves



the biggest brass-buckled bands

Hamilton; silvery band by Ruza Creations; chrome-and-silvery earrings by Oster for Rudi Gernreich. On a bright chrome jumpsuit, right, play up Sant' Angelo's brass-buckled bands—the hippest pink, well-armed lime and bright white plastic. Brief encounter, above right, with a letter-size Vuitton-brown Vuitton envelope; holding the brief—a creamy cotton smudge of a glove, stitched in dark brown, by Hansen. These hands tell time, below right, and read clockwise, too, starting at the top: Universal Genève, Bulova, Corum. The orange and black bucklers linked to chains: Maxine Clement for Maximilia; enamel rings, enough to wile away all that time Twiggy suddenly has on hand are by Ciner. Fashion and shopping details, on the last page of this issue.




up-to-the-minute hands



well-timed moves







bright-as-a-button jewels

Getting a move on, say left, Twiggy and her knight in shining yellow, Justin de Villeneuve, play enamel against gold—with chessmen by Martine Jewelry; enamel rings and pin by Ciner; Vendôme's watchful bangle. Button-down shirt jewels, left, circle on down in real stone colour; bracelets to match circle each arm. All are by Trifari. For more information, see page 168.



rings for our time



shoulder-straps  
bagged in purples





iridescence  
in the bag



time for highbrows

Bags, bracelets, rings, chains, watches—the works—clocked by Twiggy.

Shoulder-strap bags, far left, all shades of purple starting with a plummy zipped suède by Richard Monceau; flat purple kid envelope at Henri Bendel; rectangle of lavender Croco-Sauvage by Lucille de Paris; and Walter Katten's flat pale-fuchsia turtle on a chain. Earrings by Flemming. Rings for our time, near left, all shapes, all colours, all Lucite—by Bernard Kayman. Held by a Sant' Angelo chain at the neck: a flower-face watch by Old England. Buried among

Sant' Angelo watchbands and bracelets: a Timex electric watch.

The iridescent kids, above, two delicious new ideas for evening bags at Henri Bendel. Mimi di N earrings.

Highbrow time, top right: a squared watch by Dynasty headbanded by a Bruce Rudow link chain. Two-timer on the wrist: a blushing Sheffield watch strapped in green vinyl with Arabic numbers inside, Roman numerals on rim. Hand chains, right, by Hansen—five of them hooked on one finger and held at the wrist by a huge watch (Sig Praeger for Schiaparelli).



chains running on time





**L**acquered torso by Courrèges. Sky-blue nacré sequins, organdy windows, daisies with hearts of gold. (Instead of slipping into your sequined party dress, you jump into this.) The body: here provided by Veruschka with the help of three dancing lessons a week—these, undertaken for discipline, for agility. Her weight, ? ? ; height, 5' 11"; bosom, 34¾"; waist, 24"; hips, 36¼"; shoe size, 11. Lots of Woman, Veruschka....



# NEW BODY: MORE WOMAN THAN YOU'D THINK

Sylvie: 24 years old, 5'9", bust 34½", hips 37½", 132 lbs.

Jacotte: 23 years old, 5'7", bust 35½", hips 37", 119 lbs.

Fabrice: 27 years old, 5'8¾", bust 34¼", hips 35½", 127½ lbs.

Do these sound like Paris mannequin measurements, those womanly hips, those rather normal-girl bosoms, those noble altitudes? They are. Famous mannequin measurements belonging to the girls of Courrèges, who aspires in his dancing mannequins for more woman than you might think. Indeed, no designer in Paris makes greater demands on his mannequins than Courrèges. Nor, re his mannequins, does anyone stress the word "woman" more.

In their blinding white universe, we talked to Courrèges and his assistant, Mlle. Barrière, about it. *What do you ask of a mannequin?* To be a woman, a real one. To be in good health, to be tan, to look in top form. I don't care about their measurements or their weight. My ideal, of course, is a girl of 5'8¾", but it is much more important that she be feminine and vigorous. Hips? Hips are feminine. A woman needs hips to be a woman. Sylvie's hips measure 37½", which does not hinder her from being one of my pets. *How do you choose your mannequins?* There is a current between me and the right girl when she comes in for a job. I can't explain it. Even if a girl is very shy, I feel the current and know that she will "burst out" one day. It may take one month or six months or even two years, but it comes. I don't even change their coiffures. One has pigtails, another has short hair, another is blond, one's a redhead. . . . Their makeup is minimal. A colourless lipstick for shine, a unified tan complexion, the eyes rather strongly outlined. . . . I insist on a tan. How they get it is up to the girls. There are the weekends, the holidays. In summer there is the South of France, in winter the snow, and, in between, stray ultraviolet rays. I prefer that they be tan to wearing visible makeup which might stain the clothes.

*How much time does it take to perfect the way the collection is shown?* Two weeks, once the music is decided upon and the movements invented to co-ordinate with it. But the perfecting goes on all year. It is teamwork. We choose the rhythms, serious music to jerk. From there we pick the theme and the movements. We must let nothing escape us—not a record, nor a dance, nor a high-jumping competition nor any sort of sporting event. For every gesture flowing from the music must define life, (Continued on next page)

JUMPSUIT BY UNGARO OF WHITE NET WITH COTTON LACE FLOWERS, LOTS OF SKIN. "THE CUTOUT GIVES A CERTAIN DELICIOUSNESS TO THE SMALL OF THE BACK." NOW THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT. MORE, MORE BODY.





# BEAUTY *bulletin*

For the lean, the long, the goddesses among us: white silk jersey loop at left, by the splendid Grès and at Bonwit Teller.



(Continued from preceding page) vibrate with life. And quickly.

*What goes on in the two weeks of training?* Mlle. Barrière and I show them the movements. The mannequins put in a full day's work, no more than one hour for lunch. They practise for hours. The music helps them. We give them the theme. Sometimes they improvise, but not often. I remain behind the podium. From there I propel the girls, I literally launch them into orbit. As soon as they are "in space," the other "radar" begins to work: Mlle. Barrière. She's hidden behind a Venetian blind, two slats of which can separate twenty inches. These twenty inches are her magnetic field. The girls watch her. She is their director. The movements are precise, clean, vibrant—never pantomime.

*Fatigue: at what point is it apt to set in?* Here we don't know the meaning of the word. My girls are never tired. The first day when we showed three times in a tropical heat wave—yes. But between shows they recharge in this big white "relaxing room." Each girl has her own stool, her place, her cupboard. There's a gas stove and an electric stove, so they can make their own lunch. Also they each have a chaise longue where they can blackout and relax. Next door there's a shower, all white tiles, as pretty as mother-of-pearl. And another little room where they are allowed to smoke. (Throughout the rest of the couture house, no smoking is the order.) . . . Now they do the show as if they were going out dancing at Castel's or Régine's, which they also do by the way.

*Did you choose girls who already know how to dance?* Not necessarily. I have one ballerina, Jacotte. And Linda, the Mexican, dances at night at the Casino de Paris. The others do a little gymnastics or yoga. They decide themselves what to do to keep *en forme*. That is all that I ask of them: to live. . . .

## MORE WOMAN: \* THE NEW

WHITE STRING UNDERWEAR AT RIGHT, BY COURRÈGES—RUNAROUND SUIT TO WEAR UNDER A MINI-JUPE OR YOU NAME IT. PARIS VERSION OF THERMAL UNDERWEAR CLINGS LIKE A SECOND SUIT OF SKIN. SOCKS TO MATCH. SINCE IT'S COURRÈGES'S, FROM THIS SEASON'S COLLECTION, IT'S DAISIED, UNTRAMMELLED.

ALL COIFFURES  
HERE BY CARITA





Have you ever asked a mannequin to lose weight? Never. They do so much exercise that they don't put on weight even if they eat very well. Often I ask them to gain a little weight. In the beginning at Avenue Kléber, no magazine wanted to use my mannequins for photography. Now they beg for them because they are tan, because the dresses they pose look better on them than on other mannequins, because they know how to move in their clothes, and, above all, because other women can identify with them.

*The girls on Courrèges?* Jacotte said, "Here everything is real. Real sunshine, real *bonne mine*, real health. I go as often as possible to St. Tropez, sometimes even for a weekend all alone. And I eat food that I believe helps my tan, lots of vegetables, fruits, and a little broiled meat." . . . Fabrice seems to adhere to a similar diet in the interests of her tan. "To stay supple, there is nothing better than twenty minutes of swimming. Yes, we are very happy here. Mr. Courrèges is terrible and marvellous. It's tough, but it is so directed towards the future, so vigorous, that one never feels fatigue." . . . For Sylvie and his other eleven mannequins, Courrèges is a support, a manager, and an authority, as well as a couturier. "When I arrived at Courrèges, I was so shy it was almost a sickness. It took me two years to emerge, would never have happened with anyone but Courrèges." *Courrèges on Sylvie?* "She is a woman, a real woman. Her dresses fit other women. She has a body. She exists." . . .

THE CLOTHES THAT  
CLOSED THE SHOWING  
OF COURRÈGES'S COL-  
LECTION THIS SEASON:  
SUPER-NONCLOTHES.  
HIS WAY OF SAYING  
WHERE WE MIGHT BE IN  
THE YEAR 2000. BRIDES

## BODY

IN WHITE KID GLOVES  
AND NOT MUCH ELSE—  
EXCEPT PERFECT, INDIS-  
PUTABLE HEALTH. . . .



PENN







To keep the *homme* fires burning at home, some of the prettiest looks to make you feel adored, adorable. . . .  
Poncho points, left, the great night way over a point-hemmed nightdress, both in hot-lime green with lacy edges. By Van Raalte, of nylon tricot. Poncho about \$12; nightdress about \$20. At Saks Fifth Avenue: Rich's. Ankle chains by Marvella.  
Under cover of night, right: a romantic little black chiffon shirt with ruffle-cuffed sleeves, covering a short matching night shift, both rickracked in black. By Fernando Sanchez for Warner's, of polyester (Cohama fabric). Together, about \$35. At Henri Bendel: Wana-maker's, Phila.; Joske's, Houston. Settings here and on the next two pages: the sunlit apartment of Paul Rudolph, the architect who is now designing the mega-structure—a towering complex of shops, offices, parks, and apartments—destined to rise on New York's lower West Side by 1972.



# *Homme fires*



## *Homme fires*—TURNING ON THE LIGHTS AT HOME

*Ice-blue blaze*, this page, a georgette tricot night-dress with billowing sleeves caught at the wrist in the romantic manner of the Camelot era, when nighthood was in flower. By Chuck Howard for Tempo. About \$85. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila. The golden necklace by Monet, and ankle chains by Marvella, all at Altman's. *Pale fire*, opposite: quilted georgette tricot dressing gown—a peachy glow embroidered in gold with little licks of golden flame defining the high waist, rimming the wrists. By Dorian Macksoud. About \$90. At Altman's; Wanamaker's; Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Chains used as bracelets, by Marvella and Van S. Authentics: at Altman's. Both *homme*-fring looks, of Stevetex tricot georgette by Stevens of Monsanto Blue C nylon—the fire-light colours inspired by the new Warner Bros. movie, *Camelot*.











VOGUE PATTERN 7030

ALEXIS WALDECK



## *Homme, fires* — FEATHERING THE NEST WITH VELVETEEN

To draw men like moths, left, a flame-of-velveteen robe with ostrich feathers blazing away at neck and sleeves. Vogue Pattern 7030.

Clouds of white ostrich, right, on pyjamas of tallow-pale velveteen...still glowing when the fire burns low. Vogue Pattern 7031. Earrings used as rings, by Vendôme. Both pages: Crompton cotton velveteen, at Woodward & Lothrop. Feathers by Gregory: Altman's. The apartment—stark white massed with greenery—by Robert Perkins for Richard Giglio. Coiffures here and on the four preceding pages: Ara Gallant; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. Pattern details, page 159.

VOGUE PATTERNS









The solid gold caftan, left: enough glint to strike all the right sparks—jewel-sparkled golden silk gauze floating over a golden silk slip. By Tina Leser. At Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz; Liberty House, Hawaii. Rings by Gripoix. Golden jewel-glintoned sandals by Bernardo. Firebrand stripes, right: red-hot pink, red-hot red, and chrome flashing around a turtlenecked, long-sleeved sweep of fire-side dress. By Ferro; a Ban-Lon dress of nylon. About \$70. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Ready, aim, fire, below: you can't miss in ruffle-foamed pyjamas of beige lace over yellow voile—bolero, pants, and a smidge of bare midriff. By Odette Barsa, of Celanese nylon and cotton. About \$25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Neusteters. Bernardo sandals. Coiffures, both pages: Alexandre of Paris. Sun-blazed background: Sardinia's Costa Smeralda.

HENRY CLARKE



## *Homme fires* — TO SPARK A MAN'S INTEREST







Cowled robe, right, giving off such a bright pink light it makes Day-glo seem insipid—jewelled bands cross over the bosom and coast all the way down the front. By Valentino for Movie Star, in Caprolan nylon. About \$55. At Stern Brothers; G. Fox; Thalhimers. The pearly ring by Gripoix. Winging robe, above left, ardent with firebird colour that's drawn close beneath the bosom and then loosed—yards curve wide of the leg from thigh to hem. Imported Ban-Lon robe of

*Homme fires*—INTENSE COLOUR NO MAN CAN BE BLIND TO



nylon by Ferro. Gourdon print. About \$185. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Wild-striped tunic and tights, below left—hotter than flame-licks and much livelier—with braceleted bare arms to fan the fuchsia and yellow flames. Ban-Lon tunic and tights of nylon, by Ferro. About \$90. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffures on both pages: Alexandre of Paris. The flame-fanning settings: Sardinia's Costa Smeralda.















# THE REED SPEED

Mr. Reed collects antique clocks and they all work: This fact tells more than time. The Reeds are doers, travellers, an uncommonly handsome young couple who come on direct, to the point, and spare as minute hands. They are, as well, informed collectors of the past. At first glance their apartment in New York where they live with their two daughters glows with formal, familiar beauties: Queen Anne, Louis XVI, Chipendale furniture; porcelain; eighteenth-century paintings. At second glance: sudden surprises, amusements for the eye, and, always, flowers. Children and dogs gallop and snuggle. Treasures are daily used. The Reeds don't live among their collections but with them.

*Mrs. Joseph Verner Reed, junior, opposite, wearing a Valentino she called "one great big ruffle." Above: The white, sun-yellow living room.*

**MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH  
VERNER REED, JUNIOR,  
SET A PACE: ACTION  
FAST, TIME FILLED,  
BUT NOT PRESSURED;  
THEIR NEW YORK  
APARTMENT A SUM OF  
INTERESTS, PLEASURES.**





## THE REED SPEED

A tall, rapid-voiced man, Mr. Joseph Verner Reed, junior, *above left*, shares with his father the Office of Producer of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre in Connecticut. He has a rooted interest in politics and economics, local and global. Recently the youngest delegate to the Constitutional Convention of New York State, he had travelled shortly before through Asia as special assistant to Eugene R. Black, the President's special advisor on Southeast Asia Development.

This page, *above left*: Mr. and Mrs. Reed with Serena, aged seven, and Electra, four. *Above right*, from the top: Mrs. Reed at the Louis XV desk; on the wall near her, an eighteenth-century Dutch still life. One giant African daisy and a painting of a butterfly on a French eighteenth-century cabinet. Centre row, far left: The living room with its seventeenth-century Coromandel screen. Near left: In the dining room, papered in antique Chinese silver-leaf paper, a Raeburn portrait above a Louis XVI clock from Mr. Reed's collection. Bottom row, far left: Mrs. Reed in the hall with eighteenth-century murals of London. Near left: Electra and the West Highland terrier. Opposite: Mrs. Reed among the colours she loves best, "lettuce green, yellow, and coral reds," and her favourite flowers and porcelains.









# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



**Britt Ekland** (above). She's all tawny and rounded like a polished peach; gold-y glinted russet hair, shiny blush-flushed cheeks, skin just slightly brushed with sun. In our town from London to make a film, she's found time to boutique hunt . . . found this little whiff of a black crêpe wrapper-coat, edged all around with feathers, in the Jean Muir Boutique at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St. . . . Photographed at David Barrett Inc. Coiffure by Wayne of Kenneth Salon.

***Ravishing People***  
—It's a physical thing—they're just such sheer pleasure to look at . . . listen to . . . deal with . . . groove on . . .





## **Faye Dunaway**

(right), will forever be "Bonnie" to the world haunted with memories of *Bonnie and Clyde* . . . but away from the movie camera, in front of just us and the little lens, Faye Dunaway is more than that—somewhat smaller boned, less sure of herself, more poignant, perhaps even more beautiful, with that tremendous inner shine of a true actress. . . . She looks ravishing in clothes that cling and sling around her sexy figure. But she doesn't think so—prefers the security of brilliant sequins—which she doesn't need. But finally she finds the perfect solution—a new Jax "classic," this Russian-collared slip of high purple, shiny shimmy satin. \$75 at Jax, 7 W. 57th St. . . . Photographed in the apartment of Bob Crewe. Coiffure by Roberto of Kenneth Salon.

## **Jim Morrison**

(left, on the street with model Donna Mitchell), the lead singer with "The Doors," a very talented musician, a man who looks like a young lion, and who, according to one admirer, feels he "has to get his message to every woman"—a message every woman who sees him, gets. What Donna's wearing—one of the pristine white "stretchies" that mould to the figure like lingerie. \$40 from Etcetera, 136 East 57th Street. . . .

ALEXIS WA. DECK

**More next page**





# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

***The ravishing man***—better not say it to his face, he might take a poke at you. But he is. Paul McGregor, married to a beautiful young woman, father of five extraordinarily beautiful young children—is one of the better-looking men of our town. He's a hairdresser who specializes in cutting women's hair to hang, move, wave, naturally—is about to open a new beauty saloon (and a hip clothes boutique), on St. Mark's Place. Here he's wearing his shirt and jeans, hand-painted, one-of-a-kind, by artist Saint Amant. Henri Bendel has them in the Cachet Boutique, 10 W. 57th St. . . .



ALEXIS WALDECK

## ***Ravishing fabric:*** *paillettes.*

Bob Bugnand has a way with them . . . keeps on turning out the kind of sexy but chic little spangled things that you just *have* to have, find you have a place to wear time and again. The newest—all-over smooth, glisten-y paillettes coloured like lacquered tortoise, a bit of baroque jewel embroidery at the neck—sensational. Bob Bugnand, 200 E. 62nd Street. . .

JACK ROBINSON



## ***Ravishing couples***

—at home at their homes away from home, posing good old-time El Morocco style. . . . ***The Armando Orsinis*** (above) in Orsini's naturally. He may be saying "Basta" but not to her meltingly pretty lavender ostrich fluffed print. By Annacat. \$215. S'fari Room at Bonwit Teller. . . . ***The Jordan Christophers*** (left) at Arthur naturally. Sybil's in her silvery caftan collared in brilliant blue sequins. \$60. From Forward Look, 1085 Lexington Avenue. . . . Jordan's tieless, relaxed—having just come from the theatre where he is every night in *Black Comedy*. . . .



## 99 Gift Ideas

(Continued from page 124)

in collaboration with Edward Anthony has just been published by Hawthorn; \$6.95 and it doesn't eat anything.

**GAGS TO RICHES:** Psych-Shades, "black-lite" specs described as "the answer to the fact that it isn't necessary to use LSD"—They're wraparound and mildly spooky, but what we love is the invisible ink (25c) that fluoresces to visible when you put them on. Shades, \$2.50, and ink, from Barnett Fluorescent Company, 5984 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. . . . A lapis lazuli watch from Cartier with golden numerals counts none but the golden hours, \$2,300. . . . Square watch at Cartier, red lacquer dial, hours indicated in French, \$300. . . . Pop posters—you, too, can be a Bogey and so can all your chums; take or send snapshot or photo to Postermat, 16 West 8th Street, New York, and they will create the poster—\$3 small, \$5 big. . . . If that's your style but you're camera-shy, how about a T-shirt with a message printed to order—"What's the word, Humming Bird?" and that sort of not-so-bon-mot. \$2.95 plus 25c, and the limit is 30 letters on red, orange, black, pale blue or royal; Holiday Gifts, Dept. 310 B, 7953 Raritan Street, Denver, Colorado. . . . Bikes are great, especially Raleigh's folding cycle from England, #RSW-16, \$110; to order from Abercrombie & Fitch. . . . For someone you cherish: an expenses-paid visit to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Academy of Meditation in Shankaracharya, Kashmir. (Remember him? The Beatles met him in Wales.) . . . Meanwhile, let's have Discipline at home—a little something for which the sweetest girls in the world *must have* a portable barre at which to practise what they learn in their jazz exercise classes. (Girl could run through

an old-fashioned ballet barre, but . . .) 5' long, \$17.75. Order from Ballet Barres, Inc., Box 717, Dept. X, Sarasota, Florida. . . . Half a dozen shares of a "glamour stock to play with" is another woman's idea of kicks. . . . And the jigsaw fiends of the world have united to devise three tough puzzles: "10 Top Ski Runs in America," a "Florentine Mosaic" with Machiavellian overtones, and "A Baccarat Millefiori Paperweight." All by Springbok; \$3.50 each. . . . Electronic Dominoes is the name of a fabulous toy by Raytheon for playmates from eight to eighty. Explain it we can't, but those savvy eight-year-olds can turn the assorted parts into transistor radio receivers, Morse Code trainers, electronic organ circuits, and other things we take on faith and the authority of F.A.O. Schwarz (Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, New York), where two versions of this can be had—\$21.95, and with loudspeaker equipment, \$31.95. . . . Schwarz or no Schwarz we've seen the hit this makes—biggest wow since *Birth of a Nation*. . . . The zippiest tool kit—tape, pliers, screwdriver, hammer like a small blunt instrument, and so forth, all visible through the clear plastic top. Made by William Thomas & Sons, Inc., Ridgefield, New Jersey and \$15 at Kenneth's Boutique. . . . For the teenager whose schedule revolves around who's playing whom on TV, a subscription to *The Sporting News*, a weekly newspaper that sportingly covers all manner of competition and, we are told, leads the field in baseball, football, and basketball reportage. The Sporting News, 2018 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63166. \$12 a year (\$6 when addressed to Viet Nam); \$6.25 for 6 months.

(Continued on page 165)

# BYRON

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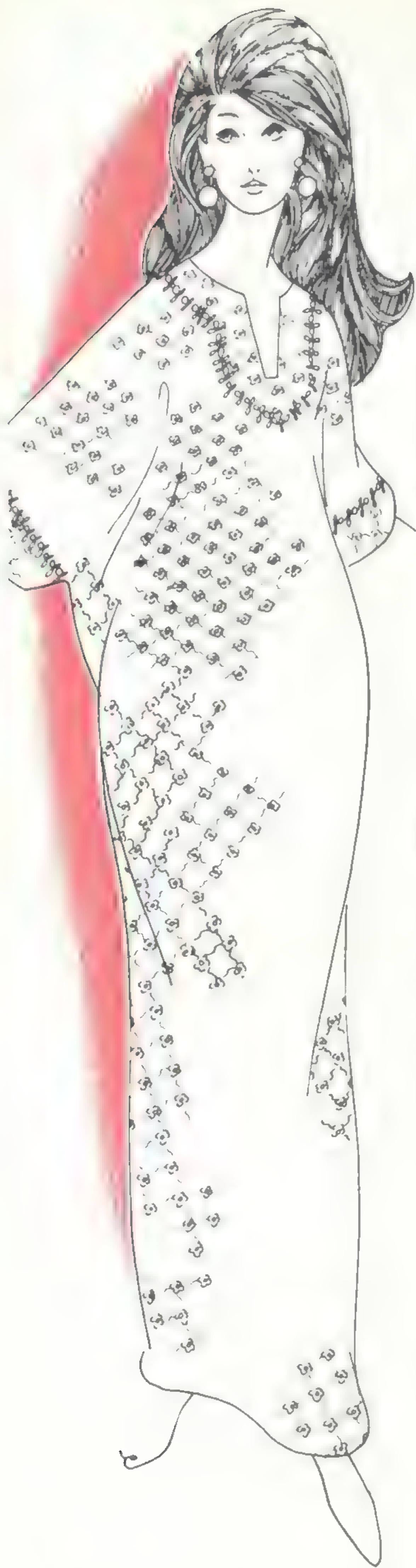
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TAD WAKAMATSU

For all the belted and held dresses this year—a high-rise white girdle of Lycra and Du Pont nylon that brings the waist into line and smooths the back and the front with a crisscross of reinforced panels. Sides are lightly boned.

It has four adjustable garters and is cut high in front and in back for greater freedom of the legs. By Gossard. About \$8. At Best & Co.; Rich's; Best's Apparel. Plum-coloured leotard and tights by Danskin, at Bloomingdale's. Coiffure by Pino of Imo & Rosalba.



## Masculinity

(Continued from page 107)

leaders. Both wear the traditional leather jackets and berets of the Left fighters of thirty years ago—these could be photographs of two Lincoln Brigade volunteers.

A statement by one of the Panthers touches the philosophical essence of the romantic conception of masculinity: To be a man one must dare to die. "The ghetto black," said Bobby Seale, "isn't afraid to stand up to the cops, because he already lives with violence. He expects to die any day."

In our culture all human attributes tend to be over-defined and become a basis of self-consciousness. The behavioural sciences collaborate with the mass media in making a man anxious about his sex status: both then provide him with models of aggressiveness by which to correct himself. Yet the present uneasiness about masculinity, coupled with theatrical devices for attaining it, may be more dangerous than any actual curtailment

of manliness discovered by researchers and editorialists. The real harm may lie in the remedy rather than the ailment, since the desire to have one's masculinity acknowledged may lead, as we have seen, to absurd postures and acts of force. It is hard to believe that Americans would be worse off by becoming more gentle. Nor would mildness in manners and social relations make them any the less manly. In the real world nothing is altogether what it is. True maleness is never without its vein of femininity. The Greeks understood this and made it the theme of their tales of sexual metamorphosis, the remarkable account of Hercules, of all men, taking on temporarily the character of a woman and wearing women's clothes. Total masculinity is an ideal of the frustrated, not a fact of biology. With the myth of masculinity put aside, maleness might have a better chance to develop in the United States.

## Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 144-145; other views, yardages, details)



7030



7031

*Above left:* Flame-red velveteen robe edged with ostrich—pattern includes ruffles at the neck. Vogue Pattern 7030. "Easy to Make." One size only, requires 6 $\frac{7}{8}$  yds. of 36/37" fabric with nap. Ostrich feather trim requires 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  yds. \$1.50. Canada, \$1.65.

*Above right:* Tallow-white velveteen pyjamas edged with ostrich feathers—one-piece. Vogue Pattern 7031. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 7 $\frac{3}{8}$  yds. of 36/37" fabric with nap. Ostrich feather trim requires 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.



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CHAMPAGNE

## Love and Mysticism

(Continued from page 86)

sufficiency was perhaps best exemplified by the Beatles. There have been subtle changes in their four look-alike suits and boots, all the way up to the big breakthrough with the clothes shown on the Sgt. Pepper album, and from there to the recent Orientalesque opulence of cosmic-consciousness-inspired robes.

The integral personality as a focal point for aesthetic decisions may participate as well in the larger art form of life, experienced as an incessant and refreshing sequence of instant theatre situations. This is a concept most effectively carried out into life (and into the streets) by San Francisco's Mime Troupe and extended by Peter Bergman and the Diggers.

One mystical source for this is the idea that one's person is sacred—not uniquely hippie, of course, since it is also reflected in many ancient laws and several provisions in the United States Constitution and its amendments. But some serious conflicts are centred around this point. If everyone's own body is viewed as something sacred, and thus respected as a shrine, then it should follow that no government can regulate what is fed to it or done to it by oneself. If these logical implications were followed consistently, clearly the capacity for turning-on and tuning-in by hippies and others might be enhanced.

Among the more externally oriented arts in hippie culture, an insistence upon impenetrable barriers between media and the strict separation of the fine arts from the crafts or areas of popular and folk art are becoming increasingly irrelevant (not that they are *all* entirely so). Leather, bead, and jewellery crafts are essential for the fully adorned hippie—and their production often provides an economic alternative to participating in the economic structure of Straight society. Moreover, it is often in just these "minor arts" that there appears the most obvious and familiar mystical iconography: ankhs, astrological sym-

bols, talismans, and—more significant of late—symbols from American Indian cultures.

Another important medium through which internally oriented mystical experiences are expressed is the dance, with its ecstatic and thoroughly idiosyncratic possibilities for the manifestation of freak-out aesthetic perceptions. Again there are parallels and prototypes, from American Indian or primitive African tribal cultures to the religious dance of dervishes or the mystical expressions of the Hasidim.

Advertisements for weekly dance concerts by rock bands have spurred a virtual renaissance of graphic art, which extends to the extraordinary layout and typography of such beautiful underground newspapers as the *San Francisco* and the *Los Angeles Oracles*. Key factors in the style of the new poster- and paper-design approach is a great visual intricacy that elicits either contemplative depth-involvement or an alternative "mind-blowing" reaction. Other psychedelic artists devote their energies to programming and presenting light shows, with complex combinations of films, slides, liquid projections, and strobe lights—often together with rock music at mind-blowing volume. One of the guiding themes of these sensorial assaults is the simulation of a trip into the realm of expanded consciousness—as close an approximation as possible of the tuned-in, turned-on total environment.

With the exception of the music, a few posters, little really first-rate work has yet been produced by hippie culture, if judged by the conventional norms of the fine arts. But there are fine chances that some great art may emerge. What is, in the end, perhaps more significant than the creation of fine art—whether for the limited enjoyment of the few or for the institutionalized enjoyment of the masses—is the broader and surely more beautiful vision that, paralleling the ideals of Balinese culture, recognizes in every human being the potential power to become a creative artist, or at least to live his life as one great dance.

It is precisely this intriguing and increasing interpenetration between life and art, however, that makes distinctions between the genuinely mystical and the mere mystique in hippie culture so difficult and at times so deceptive.

These problems only seem to be compounded by the recurrent and purest theme of hippie mysticism, the vision of respectful individualism in an ocean of universal love. It is easy and tempting to abuse this vision as a profane mystique or deviously to use it as a technique for seduction. In the last two thousand years, love has not come to be less vulnerable to attack by the cynical and vulgar. One of the bizarre characters in the Dick Tracy comic strip sums up this aggressive image: The repulsive Piggy is seldom drawn without his transistor radio, the portable total-environment, blaring forth lyrics of love.

Nevertheless, there is a decidedly new and different understanding of what the mystical force of love can mean—one which has emerged with the hippie and teen-age culture in contrast to the "pre-mystical" connotations of the word in popular culture before the mid-1950's. Of course there are many more respectable sources that also reflect this new awareness of love—as a supra-personal reality and, however mystically perceived, as the best available hope for mankind, to save the world from being destroyed by men obsessed with aggression and hate.

Some time ago, a sort of proto-hippie, Oscar Wilde, wrote in *An Ideal Husband*: "It is love, and not German philosophy, that is the true explanation of this world, whatever may be the explanation of the next."

No really profound truths are the exclusive property of movements, groups, generations, cultures, or nations. The culture of hippies draws upon the world, and in return it gives back to the world. But whether through its mystical orientation, or in spite of it, if you prefer, the central point of what hippie culture stands for can be expressed by one word. As the Beatles would say: "All you need is love."



*Green as emeralds,  
and yet—*



KAZ

Not fake anything: real, Lindé-created emeralds—the colour of envy. Mounted here in 18-k. gold with other precious stones.

*Top left:* two Lindé emeralds surrounded by natural diamonds in a fluted gold setting. \$1,100.

*Top centre:* in a coral-like setting, Lindé emeralds with natural rubies and sapphires. \$500.

*Top right:* on a thick fluted gold band, three Lindé emeralds, flanked by a diagonal row of diamonds. \$450.

*Bottom centre:* classic cut, classic setting, a big rectangular Lindé emerald with a cluster of natural diamonds on either side. \$1,500. These are from the Quintessa Collection by Union Carbide. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Hardy & Hayes, Pittsburgh; Mermod, Jaccard & King, Saint Louis; Sweeney's, Houston.

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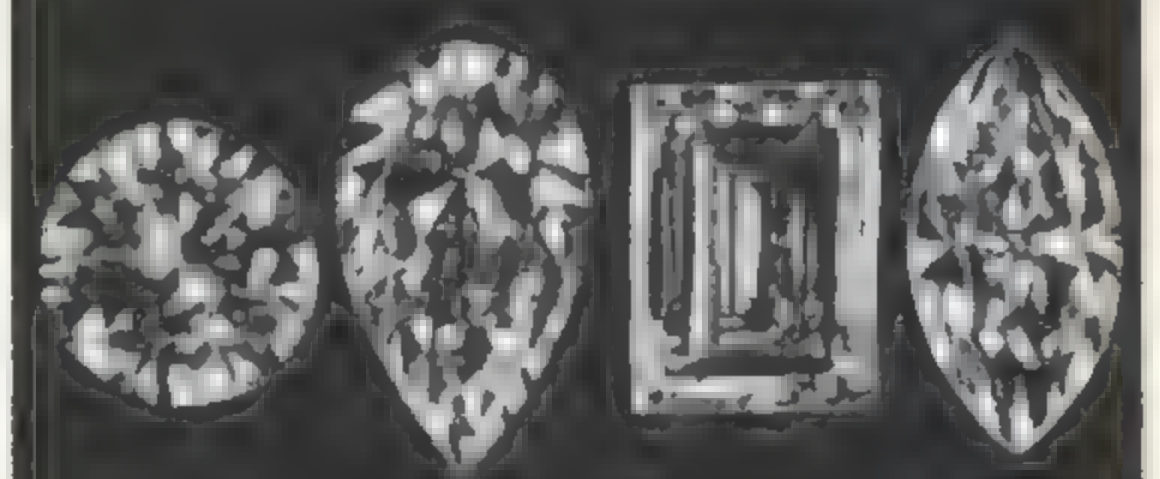
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DAVID MASSEY

## *“There’s a Dog in My Silver Soup Mug” —and Other Christmas Surprises*

A puppy, and inquisitive, of course. His parent, behind him, is more dignified.

As exceptional as these small, beautiful Japanese spaniels is the shining loot around them, a carefully narrowed-down selection of not-usual shapes and things to give and take for Christmas.

*Left to right, starting at the back:* Footed shell dish, \$95, by Gorham. Fluted silver-plated bowl, \$23.75, by Reed & Barton. Shell-encased magnifying glass, \$18.75; finely engraved globe-of-the-world box, \$230; a candlestick combined with a box, adapted from a seventeenth-century idea, \$750 a pair; superb pagoda centrepiece with lift-off roof, lift-out tray, \$3,000: All these four are at Tiffany. A round silver-plated cup, cocktail size, \$5; on-the-rocks or soup size, \$7; by Towle. A Georgian-style, silver-plated flagon turned family-size pitcher, \$45, by International. Copy of an eighteenth-century coffeepot with attached tripod feet, ebony handle, \$285, at Tiffany. An antique Dutch cow copied to pour fresh milk or hold flowers in its back, \$100, at Cartier. Unless otherwise stated, everything is sterling silver.

Japanese spaniel puppies, \$150 up. Mike Smith, Professional Dog Services, R.D.1, Route 79, Marlboro, New Jersey.



By JUDITH CRIST

## *Love Affair, "more heart than pelvis"*

In this age of tough chic and even tougher technique it is astonishing as well as refreshing to find a pair of young movie-makers who realize that the heart rather than the pelvis is at the core of human affairs. Even more surprising is that these two men, festival-sponsored newcomers to American screens, come from behind the Iron Curtain. They are technical experts but the distinction of their films lies in their perceptive and subtle viewing of the human condition and their compassionate appreciation of it, a distinction sadly lacking now in the work of most young American moviemakers whose intelligence and sensitivity are all too often obscured by pseudo-stylish cinematography and smash-and-grab emotionalism.

Dusan Makavejev's film shown in Montreal as *Love Dossier* and at the New York Film Festival as *An Affair of the Heart* is being circulated here as *Love Affair, or The Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator*. The thirty-five-year-old Yugoslav wrote and directed this film which he accurately describes as a collage of all the elements that enter into a fatal romance between an earnest and humourless sanitation inspector and a frivolous and determinedly emancipated young woman. That it has been a fatal romance emerges slowly as the retrospective account of the affair is interlaced with illustrated lectures on criminology and sexology by two prominent Belgrade authorities in these fields.

As a young woman's murder is discovered and resolved by the police, as sexual practices and mores are pompously probed by the sexologist, we are given in counterpoint the ordinary relationship of two ordinary young people. The irony is inescapable, for good intentions, thoughtlessness, and simplicity of mind and motive lead to tragedy that society somehow labels "everyday."

The silly libidinous switchboard operator and the dull literal-minded rat exterminator achieve near-classic stature in their personal tragedy, although neither the fates nor the gods nor even their own weaknesses or flaws catapult them to disaster—but only life as they live it.

## *Father, "lyricism and logic"*

Istvan Szabo's *Father* is less impressionistic in its technique, but even more universal in its theme. The twenty-nine-year-old Hungarian's film is an exploration of belief (or, allegorically, of religious or political faith) as a factor in a man's coming of age. It starts out with a little boy's romanticization of his memories of his father, a doctor who died at the end of World War II. Memory and longing merge to create both a hero and a crutch for childhood insecurities. As he grows into young manhood, the boy is finally able to draw lines between idolatry and affection, to place the past in perspective, to accept a heritage and to honour it.

With sensitivity but never a hint of sentimentality, Szabo touches upon the torments and longings of childhood. Through remarkable casting, the film shows the boy become the man, a young man who, in a society in constant flux (the history of modern Hungary emerges clearly in the background), creates his own permanent values. Szabo is rare among young directors in his probing of individual guilt for the past, in considering questions of political loyalty and religious bigotry that are touchy on either side of the Iron Curtain. In Andras Balint, as the young man, and Kati Solyom, as his Jewish fiancée, the director has two brilliant performers for his premise of humanism in a society many Americans think of as dehumanized, a premise expressed with both lyricism and logic.

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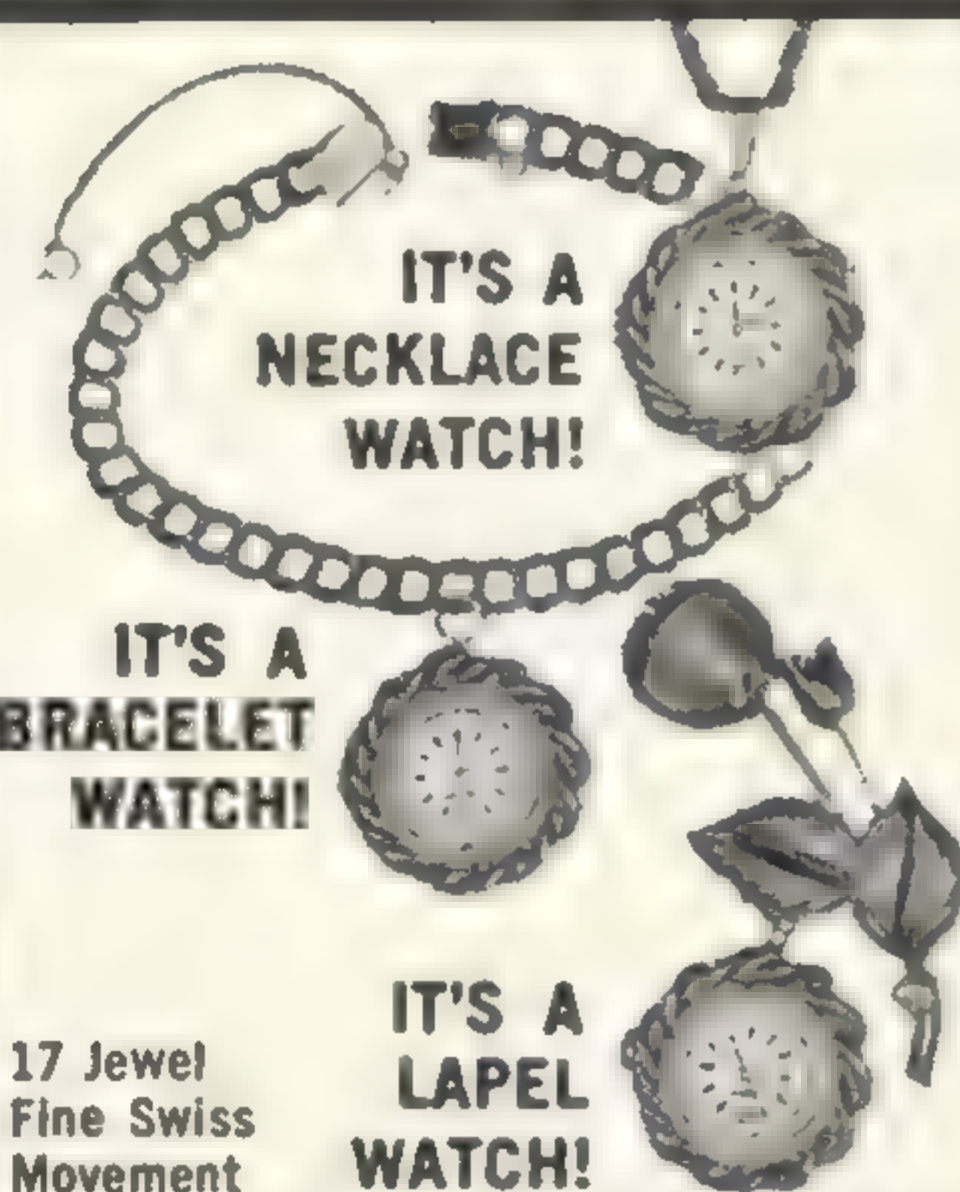
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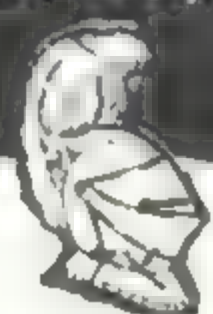
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pumps. Bewitching stockings.



Black lace takes the jump,

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waist, a flirt of scallops

around each leg—delicious

new coquetry for evening.

By Gene Neil for Leslie Jrs.,

of cotton lace. About \$36.

At Bonwit Teller. K.J.L. belt.

Fiorentina pumps (we added

the jewelled bubbles).

Prestige stockings. All coiffures

by Pino of Imo & Rosalba.



Jumping tweed, right: small-

topped jumpsuit, nubby and

soft in bright orange

tweed, tied at the waist and

polished off by a batch

of big rings, all on one hand.

Jumpsuit by Marshall Klugman

for Paul Parnes. Raschel

knitted Orlon by Novelty Tex-

tile. About \$60. At Henri

Bendel; Halle Bros. Cover

Girl shoes. Hanes tights.

Marvella, Sandor Goldberger,

and Napier rings.

WAKAMATSU

Statement Required by the Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE Incorporating Vanity Fair, published Semi-Monthly except in May, June, July & December when it is published monthly, for October 1, 1967.

1. Location of known office of Publication is 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers is 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, S. I. Newhouse, Jr., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Editor, Diana Vreeland, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Managing Editor, Rosemary Blackmon, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

4. The owner is: The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10017. Stockholders: The Patriot-News Co., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Iva S. V. Patcévitch, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

5. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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7.	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. copies printed (Net Press Run)	534,045	607,119
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	163,237	265,231
2. Mail Subscriptions	282,586	270,785
C. Total Paid Circulation	445,823	536,016
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or other means	14,487	15,570
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	460,310	551,586
F. Office use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	73,735	55,533
G. Total (Sum of E and F)	534,045	607,119

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Publisher.

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**DIVISION:** Subscriptions to *The Village Voice*, \$4, Subscription Department, 61 Christopher Street, New York; *Art International*, \$15 plus \$15 for airmail postage, Via Maraini 17-A, 6900 Lugano, Switzerland; *The New York Review of Books*, \$7.50, Subscriber Service Department, P. O. Box 79, Des Moines, Iowa 50301. Old stuff that gets better all the time: *The Illustrated London News*, \$24, *The Times* (by air), \$80, *The Observer* (by air), \$21—all through British Publications, 30 East 60th Street, New York. *Paris Match*, \$15, 22 East 67th Street, New York. ... For auction buffs, Parke-Bernet's new little monthly, *Auction*, \$2 a year. ... For the younger literati: Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*—lots of wild ones but the hero is back in time for tea. *Fletcher and Zenobia* by Victoria Chess and the crypty Edward Gorey—Fletcher's this cat, see, and Zenobia's a living doll, and then there is this moth, and they're all terrific at waltz-and-reverse and ... and ... the illustrations are pleasantly mad. Laggard linguists might be pepped up by *Peanuts à Vendre* and *hardi! Peanuts*, both paperbacks, with all the same old gang mixing it up in French and such captions as "LE DRESSAGE. Où Snoopy a le dernier mot." ...

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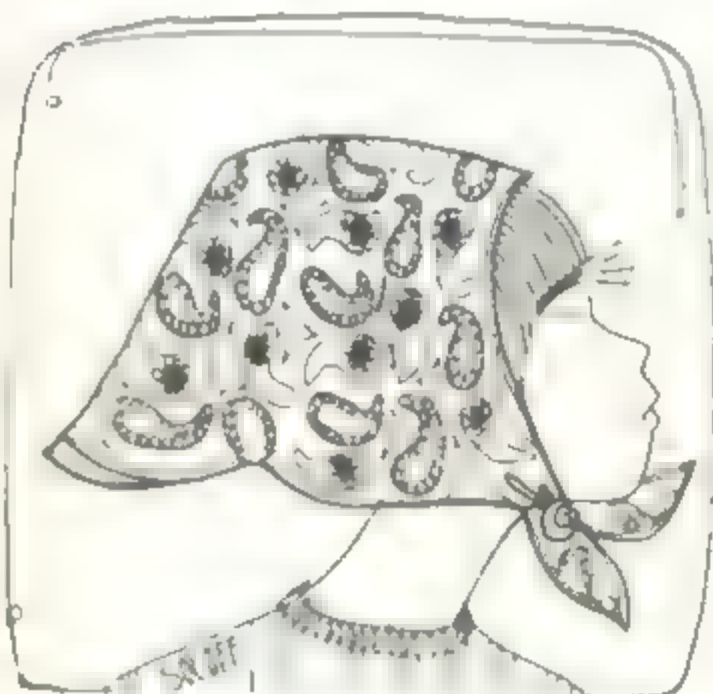
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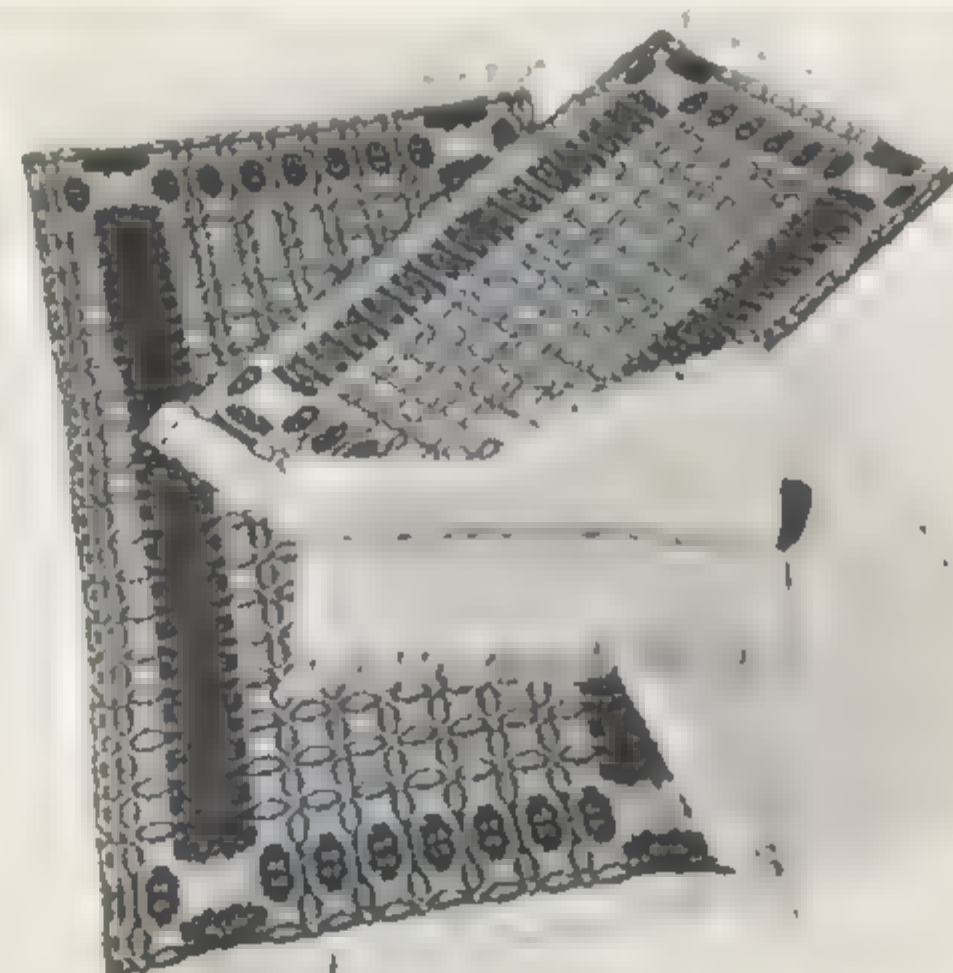
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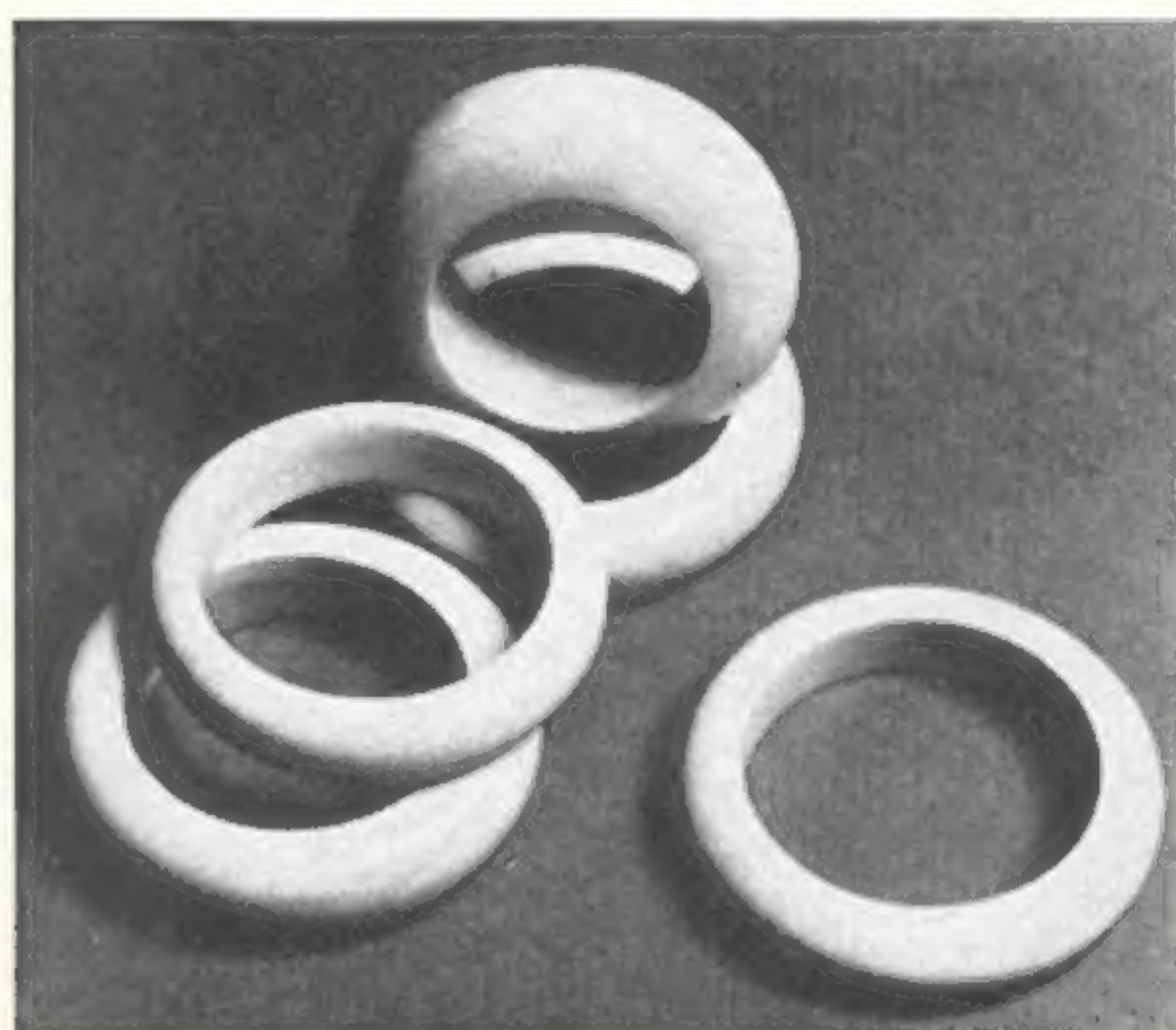
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Page 126—Red ribbed wool-chenille cropped jumpsuit, comes with a matching mini-skirt (not shown). By Pattie Tuttman for Silverworm. \$55. At Splendiferous. Hansen gloves of Du Pont nylon; about \$4. At Bloomingdale's. Watches by Crocker\*, about \$50 each. At Bonwit Teller; G. Fox; Frederick & Nelson; Joseph Magnin. Red felt Amish hat by Tally Ho, \$9. At Saks Fifth Avenue.



Page 127—Suspenders effects on a hip-long red-and-black knitted wool sweater by Lore Dibbern; \$60. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bruce Rudow chain, \$15. Abracadabra. Piaget\* watches: oval, \$880; round, \$850. Van Cleef & Arpels; Bailey Banks & Biddle. Cameo tights: Bloomingdale's. Tally Ho hat.



Page 128—Brown suede mini-dress hung on plastic bangles, \$100. Eight-bangle bracelet, \$10; armband of bangles, \$8. All: Sant' Angelo. I. Miller Galleria. Omega\* 14-k. gold watch, about \$125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Saint Laurent for Colony chain belt, \$12. Lord & Taylor. Hausfeld pearl natural pale-beige mink tails held by a Rolex\* 14-k. gold watch, \$225. Cartier.



Page 129—Brown leather handstraps by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. To order at Henri Bendel. Bueche Girod\* 18-k. gold watch, \$580. Cartier. Sant' Angelo's plastic rings: narrow bands, \$8 for six; rounded ones, \$8 for three. I. Miller Galleria.



Page 129—Harness dress bangled on bareness, in whitened grey suede. Sant' Angelo, \$100. I. Miller Galleria. Watches from top to bottom: 18-k. gold Movado\*, \$350. Saks Fifth Avenue. 10-k. gold-filled Girard Perregaux\*, \$85. Lord & Taylor. 18-k. gold Glycine\*, \$175. Lambert Bros.; Bailey Banks & Biddle. 18-k. gold International of Schaffhausen, \$425. Tiffany. On the wrist an 18-k. gold Patek Philippe\*. \$1,000. Tiffany. Strap, \$15. Earrings, \$8. Both: Sant' Angelo. I. Miller Galleria.



Page 130—Black sequined hand-thong by Hansen, about \$4. End of December at Bloomingdale's. Baume & Mercier, Genève\* 18-k. gold watch, \$210. At Bergdorf Goodman. Pink sequined hand-thong by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. To order at Henri Bendel. Juvenia\* 18-k. gold watch, \$200. At Tourneau. Print-of-sequins jumpsuit by Gene Shelly for Boutique International.



Page 130—Cream-coloured jumpsuit with throat-band and knickers by Roberto Rojas, to order at Henri Bendel. Monet chains: flat rectangular links, about \$10; twisted rope-like links, about \$8. Altman's; Joseph Magnin. Richard Monceau chain of small and large circular links, \$9. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bruce Rudow gold-plated belt of loops and mesh fobs; \$50. Henri Bendel. Open-link belt, Saint Laurent for Colony. \$12. Lord & Taylor. Bags by Lucille de Paris: square beige turtle with brass hardware; the same in brown of Croco-Sauvage. \$150 each; Bergdorf Goodman. On the salute, two golden octagonal cuffs, \$20 each; golden centre cuff, \$40. Other arm: two bangles of thin golden wire each finished in a knot, \$20 each. All: Smith St. Jacques. Henri Bendel. Flemming earrings, \$7. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Page 130—Roll bag of Vuitton canvas, by Louis Vuitton, \$46. Saks Fifth Avenue. Chain bracelet by Oster for Paraphernalia. \$10. Vacheron Constantin\* watch, 18-k. gold, \$1,295. At Tourneau. Red wool chenille jumpsuit by Pattie Tuttman for Silverworm. \$55. At Splendiferous.



Page 131—Jumpsuit of Whiting & Davis metal mesh worn over a bow-tied shirt of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric). Both by Roberto Rojas to order at Henri Bendel. The Hamilton\* watch encased in 14-k. gold, \$175. At William Barthman. The watch-strap: alligator-patterned silver Mylar by Ruza Creations, about \$4. At Henri Bendel. Earrings by Oster for Rudi Gernreich, \$8. At Saks Fifth Avenue.



Page 131—Once more with feeling—the chopped-off jumpsuit, this time chrome yellow ribbed wool chenille. Pattie Tuttman for Silverworm; \$55. At Splendiferous. Sheer Supp-hose tights. Altman's. Sant' Angelo's shock-pink plastic belt, about \$20; plastic cuffs: green, \$8; white, \$12. All with brassy hardware closings. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Page 131—The cropped cotton glove—beige stitched down in chocolate brown. By Hansen; \$4. At Bloomingdale's. Tiny zipped Vuitton canvas envelope, by Louis Vuitton. About \$28. Saks Fifth Avenue.



## Accessories that make fashion tick

Fashion and shopping details from pages 126 to 135. All coiffures, these pages, by Ara Gallant, using Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

Page 131—Watches, clockwise starting on the raised hand: Universal Genève, 18-k. gold, \$165. At Cartier. Accutron watch by Bulova, 14-k. gold, \$250. At Abercrombie & Fitch. Corum\*, 18-k. gold, \$220. At Cartier. All the watches held by bright plastic links; these, by Maxine Clement for Maximilia, to order at Henri Bendel. Ciner diamond-patterned enamel rings, \$20 each, at Henri Bendel.



Page 132—Twiggy in an orange Crompton cotton velveteen cropped jumpsuit, with ostrich feathers at the neck, cuffs, and legs. By Gregory. \$70, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Justin wears a Ciner enamel cross pin on a chain, \$15, at Lord & Taylor. Both wear enamel rings by Ciner: diamond-patterned ones, about \$20 each; twists of gilt and coloured enamel, each \$10; black enamel striped in gilt, about \$15 each. Plain enamel bands in a clutch of colours, each \$10. All at Henri Bendel. Chess set by Martine Jewelry. At Cartier. Watch embedded in a square green bangle, by Vendôme.



Page 133—Yellow voile shirt of Dacron and cotton, \$16, and yellow marabou feather skirt, \$40. Both by Gregory, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The shirt is buttoned down by three giant jewelled pins. About \$30 each. Matching bracelets, about \$40 each. All by Trifari, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Sakowitz. Stretch nylon yellow pantie stockings by Trimfit for Twiggy. At Gimbels, New York; Sanger Harris.



Page 134—Blue voile cossack shirt of Dacron and cotton, \$16, and a blue marabou feather mini-skirt, \$40. By Gregory. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Blue pantie stocking by Glen Raven. At Stern Brothers. Shoulder-strap bags, left to right: Richard Monceau's plummy suede, \$23; Bloomingdale's. Purple kid, \$48; Henri Bendel. Lavender Croco-Sauvage by Lucille de Paris, \$85; Saks Fifth Avenue. Walter Katten's chained fuchsia turtle, \$55; Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Flemming, \$7. At Altman's Studio 3.



Page 134—Pearly mesh hood (Whiting & Davis metal mesh) by Roberto Rojas, to order at Henri Bendel. Rings by Bernard Kayman. Old England flowery watch, \$16. Saks Fifth Avenue. Chain at the neck, about \$10. Watchbands and bracelets, \$12 each. All by Sant' Angelo. At I. Miller Galleria. Nestled among them, an electric Timex watch, 10-k. gold-plated, \$65. At Bloomingdale's.



Page 135—Fluffy pink marabou feather jumpsuit, with ostrich feathers at the neck and round the legs. By Gregory. \$110. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Solitaire pink earrings by Mimi di N. \$8, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The iridescent kid evening bags, in silvery green, \$33; silvery turquoise, \$40. Both at Henri Bendel.



Page 135—Black-and-green wool-chenille jumpsuit, with long sleeves, short, tight legs. By Pattie Tuttman for Silverworm. \$36, at Splendiferous. On Tally Ho's black felt hat, a Dynasty watch, \$16. At Bloomingdale's. Bruce Rudow chain, \$15. At Abracadabra. At the wrist a Sheffield watch, about \$18. At Best & Co.; Joseph Magnin.



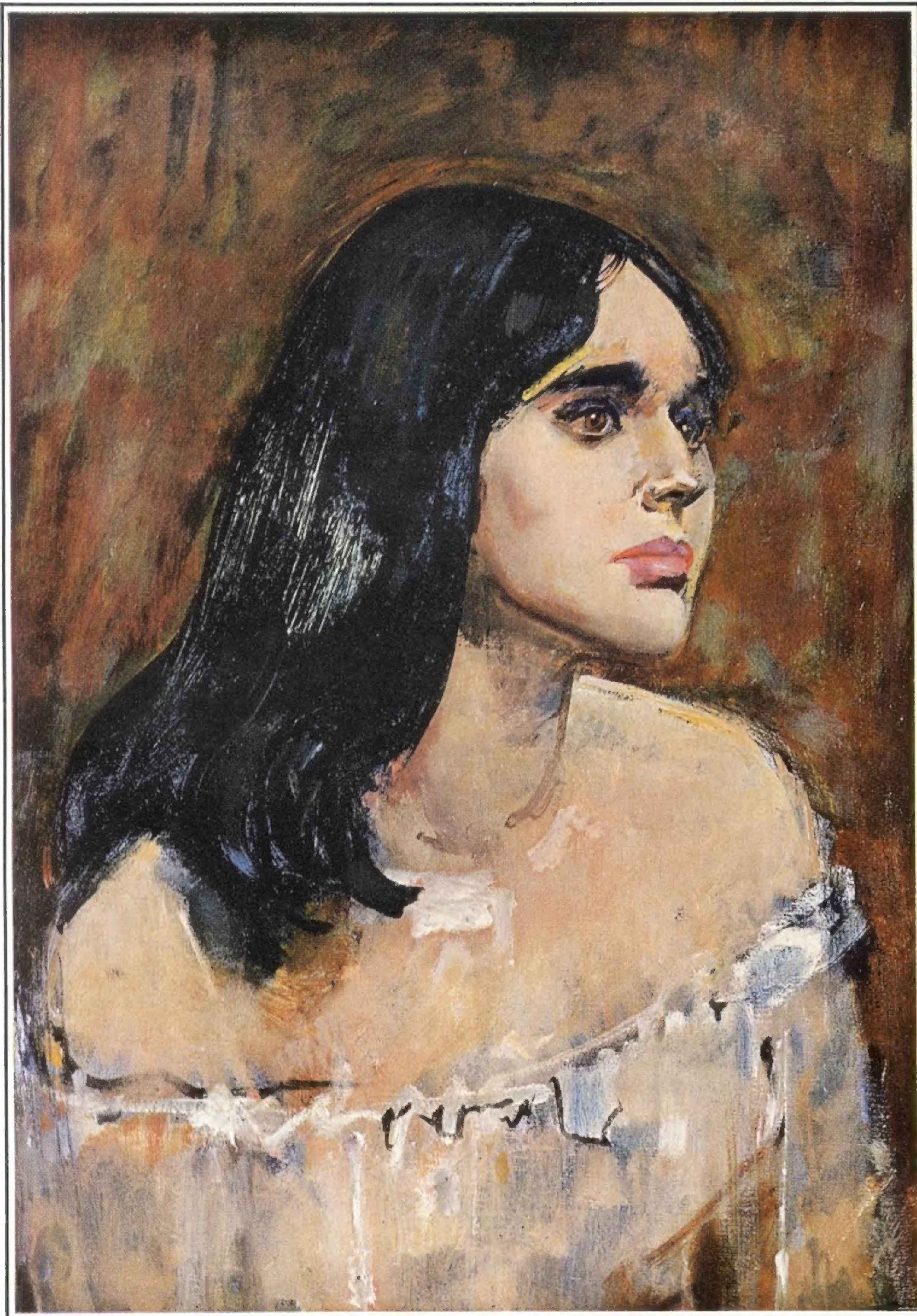
Page 135—On a copy of a Le Corbusier chair (Atelier International Ltd.), Twiggy in a cream-coloured jumpsuit with a metal mesh waistcoat. By Roberto Rojas, to order at Henri Bendel. Red tights by Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique. \$4, at Gimbels. Hand-chains by Hansen. Christmas delivery at Bloomingdale's. Sig Praeger for Schiaparelli watch\*, \$20. At Saks Fifth Avenue.



\*SWISS MOVEMENT



Ruskin Spear—from the Lenthéric Collection



It began with a dream of women. Women in all their infinite variety. We were haunted by that dream. And so we sought out twelve of the world's great painters and said to them: "Women. What do you see in them? Paint for us your version, your vision of their very essence."

Some painted the colors of their laughter. Others captured the trembling of an unshed tear. Some saw their sunlight. Others felt their secret silences.

Then one day, the paintings were ours. To draw from. To distill. To extend presence into perfume. A perfume all mood, all magic, all wonder, all woman. This is how Lenthéric 12 happened. Now let it happen to you.

**LENTHERIC 12** *A portrait in perfume*





**Kanøn is a roll in the snow after a sauna.**

A stroll along a forest floor, a sunbath on the rocks in your skin. Unexpected, unorthodox, undiluted pleasure. Kanøn blends the emancipated attitude of the Scandinavian with the success drive of the American male. For the man at the peak of his pleasures, who is not afraid to smell good.

Kanøn, the man's cologne in the Scandinavian spirit. Essential oils imported from Sweden.